



Behould our sad Sainte in the Forrest left
With her Benoni of all joyes bereft
Save what she took from her pure innocence,
This Portrait shew' it lively to the sense



Behould our sad Sainte in the Forrest left
With her Benoni of all joyes bereft
Save what she took from her pure innocence,
This Portrait shew' it lively to the sense

THE
INNOCENT LADY,
OR THE
Illustrious Innocence.

Being an Excellent true History, and of
Modern times, carried with handsome
Conceptions all along.

Written Originally in French, by the
Learned Father *de Ceriziers*, of the
Company of *Jesus*.

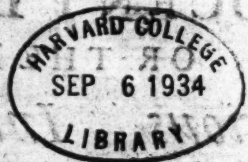
*And now Rendered into English by
Sir William Lower Knight.*

The second Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *William Lee*, and are to be
sold at the *Turks-Head* in *Fleet-street*,
1674.

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THE



Greenough fund

Being an Introduction to the History and of
Modern times, dated with hand and
Conceptions all along.

Written Originally in French, by the
Comte de Buffon, and translated
Company of France.

And now reprinted into English by
St. William Low, Knight.

✓
The French Edition.

LONDON

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all the Booksellers in England.



*The Translators Apology for
some passages in the Book.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,

YOU may think it
strange, that I should
Apologize any thing
for this Piece, the Author
being one of the most ex-
quisite Pens of Christen-
dome; but it is to satisfie
the nicer scruples of some
persons, who perhaps, may
be offended with a passage
or two in the History, rela-

Apology.

ting a little to the Romish superstition. I shall only say this in Vindication of my Self, and my particular judgment, That I look upon it in the original, as one of the neatest contriv'd things that ever passed the Press; and I am confident will generally be so received: it may stick only with those of the weaker judgments, whose approbation or dislike, will be very indifferent, either to the Author or Translator. This little

Apology.

little work hath lately been transmitted into the state-liest and sweetest languages of *Europe*, I mean, the *Spanish* and *Italian* Nations that scorn to borrow from any other but their own, unless they meet with so choice a Master-piece as this. The Author hath said enough in his Epistle to the Reader, for the truth of the Story, and really for the body thereof, I believe there are none, who have read the *German Chronicle*,

A 4 cle,

Apology.

do, will make the least doubt
of it; but for the interlard-
ing it with miracles (which
we may pass over if we
please) that must be taken
for the Jesuits own way of
Cookery : If you are not
pleased with the plot or
frame of the work, I am
strangely mistaken ; and
for you of the tenderer sex,
If ever heretofore any pas-
sionate Scene in a Play
drew pearled tears from
your eyes, you will much
more liberally bestow
them

Apology.

them here, where you shall find no Romance to abuse you, or the issue only of a Poets brain to entertain your fancy, but a true and Authentick relation of modern times. To say more, would but take off from the lustre of the discourse; what is spoken already, is only to clear my self of giving an over easie belief to the Miracles of this Book, muchless of recommending those passages of the Croll and Crucifix, to the faith
of

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of any one otherwise than
by way of admiration of
the rare description there-
of. I had need only to crave
pardon for sullyng so pre-
cious a Gem taken out of
its native Cabinet with my
rude and unhandsome
handling; but your eyes,
Ladies, have such an influ-
ence, as will remove all
clouds it may receive from
me, and only by the virtue
it derives from thence,
make the Copy to equal
the Original. *If I have ren-
dered*

Apology.

dered this any way to your satisfaction, I have the end I aimed at, (being all the ambition I aspir'd unto) which will give me the boldness to publish shortly another neat Tract of the same Authors, entitled, Joseph, or the Divine Providence, and a handsome discourse of Monsieur de Grenail, called The Pleasures of the Ladies, both which are ready for the Press; till they come forth, look favourably on the Innocent

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nocent Lady, and for her
sake and the learned de CL
riziers, entertain kindly the
weak endeavours of

Your most humble Servant,

Will. Lower.

Preface.

Why God permits the good to be Calumniated.

THe Christian Religion hath such evident proofs of her truths, that it is to be gross, even to stupidity, to be ignorant of them, & wicked even unto madness, to contradict them: nevertheless, all the ages have seen enough of these reasonable monsters, who have rather harkned to their sense, upon the subject of its doctrine, than obeyed her maxims against their inclination. Who knoweth not that the troubles of this life should make up all our desires, seeing they make all our crowns? We see clearly that it is in the thorns, that we must gather virtue, that the gall is her best nourishment, though it be not the most pleasant: and yet the fear of the pricks hinders us from bringing thither our hands, and the horror which we have of its bitterness, takes from us the desire

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fire which we should have to taste it's delights; they say that the evil which God doth us is a sign of the good which he intends us; but how many persons do we see, who love better to be his declared enemies, than to receive such like proofs of his love? there are of those choice and eminent souls, who leave not themselves to be wholly vanquished in the displeasure of affliction, but find a virtue masculine and courageous enough to despise altogether the sense and feeling thereof: It is that which all the wisdom of the Philosophers hath not yet seen. The five ages which nature employeth to produce a Phenix, would not suffice her to commence a patient, it is a work which cannot be conceived, but by grace, and which perfecteth not it self, but by that which can destroy it. To suffer and not to complain, to endure and witness contentment, to weep and laugh all together, are the things which a common virtue cannot unite. In like manner, there are found some persons, who

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who have much ado to comprehend that God should afflict those whom he loveth, believing, that suffering should be the punishment of sin, and not the recompence of virtue: But if they have seen some one whose Innocence was too clear to be unknown, and the evils too apparent to be ignorant of them, their spirit is troubled, their thoughts are wandering, their faith hath stumbled, and humane reason hath almost made them to sin against the Divine. He who had strength enough to fight with the Bears, to tear the Lions, to destroy Giants and overthrow himself whole Armies, hath not had enough thereof to vanquish altogether this thought; And yet no body doubts that David was not courageous, seeing the Monsters under his feet, and that he was not holy, being according to the heart of God. I know not whether Solomon was wiser than his Father, yet notwithstanding I am not ignorant that of four evil things he confesseth

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seth not to be able to support one of them ; it is the sense that springs from calumny ; the malice whereof is the great rock of Innocence, the shipwrack of virtue, the poyson of good actions, and the venome of that prodigious Serpent which carries the name thereof. And to speak truth, we should not find it strange , if ordinary patience cannot attain to its contempt , seeing that nature hath nothing so sensible to suffer, nor grace so grievous to overcome. How comes it then that God takes pleasure to see us assaulted with his rage ? Must Susanna be thought unchaste for being fair ? or the perfection of her body do injury to that of her soul ? could she not be seen without desire, nor slandered without being convicted of a crime, whereof her very thought was not culpable ? Should an apple render the wife of Theodosius criminal ? was that an inevitable misfortune to Queen Elizabeth , loving the virtue of a Page, to love an object that was not chaste ?
deserved

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deserved Cunegonda to handle fire, for proving that her heart burned not with any evil flame? the daughter of the great Anthemius, could not she do good to her Sister, without losing her reputation, nor drive the Devil from her body without putting him into her soul? who can conceive why God permitted that Marina should be punished for a sin, whereof she was not capable, and which was as far from her will, as from her sex? Soft, humane reason, take heed how thou think that an essence all good and all perfect should produce any evil: if there flow sharpness from that inexhaustible spring of sweetness, it is either to wear our affection from the vanity of pleasures, or to make our virtue merit in the martyrdom of sufferings. Our griefs are not more sensible unto us, than unto God; if we are assaulted, he resents it; if we are wounded he complaineth: he doth indeed seem sometimes not to know us; but it is to the end to render us known

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to all posterity: he permits detraction
to spot our honour, but to the end
to draw the rayes of our glory from
our own obscurity: you know it fair
souls, who glitter now like so many
Suns in that great day of Eternity.
Is it not true that God loves not our
abasement, but to raise us up again? our
contempt, but because it may be glorious
to us? Our losses, but because we may
derive advantage from them? our evils,
but because they do us good? The Bees
suck Honey aswell upon the Thyme,
and Wormwood, as upon the Roses and
the Lillies: and holy souls make their
infirmity prosper as well, as their
good fortune: but the first being of a
nature more refined, God will not be
niggardly unto us of a favour, which
we can so well improve. Who know-
eth not that a great virtue hath
sometimes thrust those who posses-
sed it into presumption, and that
innocence mistaken, and calumniated
hath found its conservation in that
which

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which seemed to destroy it. The life of the Nightingale which nourisheth not it self but with melody: is very delightful, and that of the Swan is not to be despised though he lives not but with melancholly. God takes pleasure that we should lead a life like unto this sorrowful Bird; provided that we be so white in Innocence, as he is in his plume, he careth not to see us swim in the waters of our grief. Nothing pleaseth him like our sighs, and he loves perfectly that musick, of which himself gives the measure: and indeed there are those visages who weep with so good a grace, that they should never be without this ornament; our eyes ravish not those of God but by tears, which he seeks with a great care; and which he gathereth with an incredible joy. The tears fall to the ground, and mingle themselves with the dust, but their refluction goes unto the firmament, and mounteth above the Stars: so as they are the Pearls of Heaven, which form themselves in the Salt-waters of our bitterness,

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ternesses, as a great wit hath said. It is the delicate wine of the Angels, the delights of Paradise, and the voice that goes even to the ear of God: For this reason he commanded one of his Prophets that the Apple of his Eyes should appear unto him continually, for as much as he takes an inexpressible content at the sweet violence with which they constrain him: if we knew well to weep, we should know to vanquish our enemies, to drown our sins, to ruin the devils, to extinguish hell, and sweetly to force heaven to the sense of our requests. The sinner hath no stronger arms than in his eyes, seeing that God himself may be wounded with them. The Athenians offered plaints in one of their sacrifices; for my part, I believe that it was to that unknown divinity, which the Apostle instructs them to be the true God: forasmuch as they cannot present him an offering more acceptable than tears, which are no sooner drop'd from our eyes, but they enter in-

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to his heart: How can he not love these liquid pearls, these melted Diamonds, this subtle sweat of the Soul, that distils it self through the fires of love, to the end to offer him an essence more precious a thousand times, than that of the Jasmin? I do not say, that chastity plants it self in our hearts, as the Lillies who have no other seed but their tears, and that virtues appear there only, when this dew of our eyes makes them to bud there: After all this, we should no more wonder if God takes pleasure in the sighs of an afflicted Innocence, since we find so remarkable an instruction in his example, & so advantageous a profit in his merit: & then if God will that we suffer, is it not great reason to consent thereunto? If our displeasures delight him, ought we to seek out the cause thereof? Alas, we shut up the Birds in the Cages, to the end to draw joy from their plaints: Can it be that they are more ours, than we are his? & that their liberty is more subject unto
our

our tyranny, than ours is to his Empire? Whom happy should a creature be, if God taking pleasure in his tears, he might weep eternally! the History which we have to set forth, can give rare examples of this truth, and advance most profitable instructions from this practice.

To the Reader.

MY dear Reader, in expecting a Work, whereof I give you here but one of the least parts: I conjure you to suspend your judgment upon this History, and not to take the effects of an all adoreable Providence, for the Fictions of a Romance. *Roderus* in his *Baviere*, *Ericius Puteanus*, and many other Authors, can warrant the principal circumstances thereof, and I assure my self, in time, to make you understand, that there is nothing in the whole piece, which is not as true as divertising.

Courteous



Courteous Reader.

IN the year 1654. I printed this little History, and although I quickly sold the impression, and it became scarce, yet because it was so little a Volume, I as little regarded the reprinting of it; so that time had almost worn out its memory, until some Customers of mine better knowing the worth of it than my self, and covetous of preserving its esteem in the world, often urged me to furnish them with it, which I endeavoured by gleaning amongst the Booksellers in and about London; but at length finding them wasted, and my self tyred in the pursuit, being now three years in getting one for a person that proffered me five times the value of it, and at last happily meeting with one, have thus resolved to furnish you with it once more at the old rate.

W. L.

THE
 Innocent L A D Y,
 OR, THE
Illustrious Innocence.



N one of the Provinces of
 the * *Gaule*

Belgick, which * The Ne-
 therlands.
 was some-

time the Country of
 the *Tongrians*, about
 the time that the glory

of the great *Lodowick* began to be ob-
 scured, and that the children of this
 Lion degenerated into beasts much less
 generous, was born a daughter in the
 most illustrious family of the Princes
 of *Brabant*. Scarce had this little
 creature seen the first rays of the light,
 but her parents gave her a second birth,
 which rendred her a daughter of heaven,
 from whence she received the fair name
 of *Genevieve*: It is not my design to de-
 scribe the great virtues of this little Prin-
 cess, nor to make appear the graces which
 she possessed, even when her mouth was fa-

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sten'd

sten'd to the sweetness of the breast, no one can see the height of her perfection and be ignorant of the foundations of her piety. The father and mother called her ordinarily their Angel, in which certainly they were not deceived, for she had the purity and innocence of them, one sole thing rendered her unlike unto those divine spirits, which is, that they thrust men forward unto good by secret and invisible motions, & she carries them thereunto by examples, which have no less of force than of sweetness. The Angels have attractions, against which one hath much pain to conserve his liberty, and *Genevieve* possessed graces too charming, not to be inevitable. One could not hate her devotion at less rate than being insensible. We must not imagine that the ordinary amusements of infancy should possess her thoughts; nothing partaked in the care of her devotion, but the diverse means to entertain it, and to encrease it. The sweetest pleasure that she relished, was the love of retirement and of solitude: this inclination built her a little hermitage in the corner of a garden, where nature seemed to have favoured her design, making to grow there store of trees, whose delightful shades permitted not the Sun himself,

himself, to see the mysteries of her devotion. It was there that she erected little Altars of Moss, and boughs; it was there that she spent the greatest part of the day, from which so sweet entertainment, the pastimes of those of her sex and age could not divert her: When her mother remonstrated to her that it was time to have more serious thoughts, she answered modestly, that hers had the fairest and greatest of all the objects, notwithstanding that all her designs were within obedience, and that she should not so soon command her any thing, as she would conform her self wholly thereunto; but if she would permit her inclinations to make the choice of her condition, she could not find any kind of life more desirable, than that which had drawn so many great and illustrious persons into solitude, and which of the half of the world had made a desert.

It is the place (said she) where Kings, and Princes, and Empresses are gone to seek the traces, and steps of their Saviour: It is the place where Saint *John* conserved the Innocence of his manners: it is the place where poor virtue retires it self, finding more safety amongst the wild beasts, than in the

towns, where it meets with the cruelty of salvage creatures. 'Tis in a word, the place where I imagine a perfect repose, and where I could find my contentment, if you would permit me there to seek it. It is not Madame, that I am not disposed, to follow all the motions of your will; but surely since you leave me the liberty of my thoughts, I should think to displease you as much in dissembling my sense, as in having one contrary to yours, which cannot be but reasonable.

Oh *Genevieve*! you know not from whence this inclination comes to you, and wherefore heaven hath given it you; a day will come that you shall follow the example of that incomparable penitent, to whom *Egypt* hath given name, though you may not imitate her debauches, it will be then that you shall acknowledge the Providence of God, which disposeth of us by those means secret and unknown to all other but unto himself, and which leadeth men to the point of felicity by those wayes, which would seem to cast them headlong into the pit or depth of misfortune. God hath a custome to give us from the birth certain qualities, which make our good fortunes, and the order of our life. Those chil-

children among the *Lacedemonians*, that came forth from the womb of their mothers with a Lance in hand, and those others to whom nature had imprinted a sword in the arm, carried on them the presages of the event, and the signes of their Horoscopes. The great Archbishop of *Millain*, when he was a little infant, acted the Prelate, blessing his companions, and imposing hands on them, as if he had already been that, which after he was to be. All those that observed the devotions of our little Virgin, penetrated not into the designs of God, and saw not that which appeared not long time after. Let us leave those sleight Devotions to the knowledge of him, who knows the value thereof, and who recompenses the merit: come we to those noble actions, which carry more day and light, and which marketh more visibly the care, with which heaven watcheth upon the salvation of men. If I enterprise to describe the perfections of this great Saint, I think not my self more obliged to touch them all, than those who will put themselves upon the water, to take the river at his source.

Behold me then in the seventeenth year of our *Genevieve*; but who can

mark all the vertues of her soul, and all the fair qualities of her body? another pen, but mine, would say, that nature had made the strokes of essay in all the other beauties of her Age, to give in her an accomplished work of her power and industry: and not to lye, she seemed to be obliged thereto, since it is not more unseemly to see a fair soul in an ill favoured body, than to see a Diamond in the dirt; or a Prince full of Majesty under the ruines of a Cottage, and in the obscurities of a Prison: That which/I will say upon this subject, is, that she heeded not to encrease it, nor to adde unto it those artifices by which deformity seems fair; she had no other vermilion, but that which an honest modesty set upon our cheeks; no white, but that of Innocence; no scents, but those of a good life: she had also no ruines in her visage to repair with plaister, no blackness to colour with white, no finks to cover with Musk and powder of *Iris*. All her graces were her own and not borrowed; contrary to those maids, who having not charms enough to make them loved, have recourse unto the Shops of Merchants, as unto naturall Magick to buy there what nature would not give them, and to make themselves
liked

liked in spight of all her disfavours: but surely, as the clothes, which are used here, last not alwayes, so this beauty loses it self, and they observe with the swine the same difference which they see between the painted flowers and the natural. Although our *Genevieve* took so little care to conserve her graces, and her perfections, yet had she enough of them to make her self a great number of Idolaters, if she would have contributed any thing to the misfortune of souls, and discover that which Modesty should hide: knowing well that the pearl is not so precious without, as within her shell, and that the gold is proposed as a prey unto men, as soon as it is exposed to their sight; she appeared not out of her chamber, but as the lightnings out of the clouds, when necessity or civility commanded her. Maids believe that they shall never be sought, if they go not to seek men, in exposing all the beauty they have even to the eyes of the blind: but this false opinion betrayes ordinarily their good fortune, for not being rare enough, one esteems them too common, and notwithstanding any moderation men use in judging, the liberty, which they give themselves to take all kind of recreati-

ons, makes them passe for Ladies of pleasure. The Sun makes himself adored where he is not seen but once a year; certainly, if women were more restrict in shewing themselves, I know not if the age of the profane Divinities would return, and if the god of the shepherd *Paris* should not find as much adoration amongst us, as he had formerly with the Idolaters.

Behold all the artifice which our Innocent maid used to draw those, who had good opinion enough of themselves to hope for some part in her good will. Amongst those that made suit unto her, *Sigisfridus* (whom we call *Sifroy*) was not the last, nor the least fortunate, since he carried alone that, which the others had desired: without telling you that he was one of the most puissant Palatines of *Treves*, it is sufficient to understand his quality, to know that he had a heart good enough, to aim at the alliance of a sovereign house. This young Lord having understood by fame a part of the perfections of this fair Princess, would rather believe his eyes, than the common report thereof, behold him on his way, with an equipage so magnificent, that he leaves not to any one of his

Rivalls

Rivalls the vanity to make comparisons; being arrived, he went presently to do reverence to the Prince, and to the Princess his wife, who permitted him to salute *Genevieve*, unto whom he made all the Offers of service that could be expected from a Love without fiction. It was after having seen her, that he confessed that the Poets had not given mouths enough unto fame, and that to publish all the perfection of *Genevieve*, there should have been more than one trumpet. What will he do after being returned from the ravishments, which this amiable object had caused him; his fidelity and his discretion makes him to hope a happy success of his love; he fears notwithstanding to merit little, and desire too much, and that his Mistress should be as disdainfull as she is fair.

This error possessed not very long time his spirit, for he had not entertained her twice, but he found her replenished with so much sweetness and modesty, that his passion from free became necessary. He endeavoured to express himself by his sighs, not daring to declare it by his discourse, for fear to make his true resentments passe for sottish and fading fooleries. Besides he observed that the motion

on of marriage never escaped from his mouth, but an honest shame appeared on the visage of *Genevieve*, augmented her beauty. He so feared some evil word that he dared not utter to her the good. Being in this apprehension, he went to find the Prince and the Princess, unto whom he declared the design of his Voyage in these few words.

Sir, if you are as favourable to my designs, as your sweetnesse makes me hope in the ignorance of my good or evil fortune, I hold my self almost assured, not to be altogether miserable. I am not, God be thanked, come from a house, whose name should serve me for reproach; and though the glory of my Ancestors should add nothing to my merit, I am not so unfurnished thereof, that it should not be easie for me, if it were seemly to advance those things from which may be another would derive vanity. My Nobility is not equal unto yours: I know notwithstanding that it can be no shame unto you, if you do me the honour to accept my alliance: fortune hath not given me so little means, that I should not sustain the dignity of your house; but though it should be much lesse, I could not without betraying my good fortune
con-

conceale you the ardent affection, which I have not, so much for the beauty of your daughter, which is incomparable, as for her vertues, which are without example; her merit is so powerful upon my will, that if fortune had made me Emperour, I would come without regret to lay at her feet all the world, to acquire the honour of her respects; it is then in you to work my joyes, or my displeasures, seeing that I know her so submisive to obey you; that if you command her to love me, I cannot fear to be hated of her.

The Prince might have reprehended a little vanity in this complement, and taken it ill that he should demand his daughter with those reasons; notwithstanding being not ignorant how advantageous this party was, he thanked *Sifroy* for having fixed his eyes upon her, whereas he might employ them more worthily else where, and witnessed to him he held his suit as an honour; nevertheless he would not be unjust to constrain his daughter in an affair, wherein there is nothing free but the choice onely: he promised him though to dispose, as much as he could, her will to the consent of an Alliance; which made him to hope for

as much of satisfaction, as he saw therein of advantage. At the same time the mother had charge to manage this affair, and to order the affections of her daughter. I will not stay to describe what she met with in vanquishing her spirit, before she could make her meet her desire; it was not for that she held any refractoriness in her thoughts, but surely she had much pain to resolve her self being wholly her own, to become the half of another, and to deprive her self of a thing, which she could conserve alwayes, not being able to lose it but once in her life. In the mean time she must obey, but with how much repugnance? The vaile that shame laid upon her front, her tears, and her sighes, speak it much better than I. There are few wise maids that trouble not themselves, when one speaks unto them of a Husband, and who find not difficulty to cease to be Angels, to begin to be of the number of wives. Behold notwithstanding our *Genevieve*, where all desires, excepting her own, carried her. Behold her married to a great Palatine; it would be a superfluous thing to say that nothing was omitted of all the rejoycings that could honour a marriage; the Dances, the Balls, the Turneys, and all the other exercises of gallantry

gallantry were the least pastimes of the Feast.

All those that saw the good fortune of this marriage, believed it eternal, but alas! how few Roses are there amongst many thorns, and how humane wisdom penetrates but a little into the event! *Genevieve*, I give you two years to live, if not content, at least in pleasures; your marriage hath begun like that of *Eve* in a Paradise, it shall end like hers in a solitude; enjoy hastily those contentments, which must last so little: why trouble we so many delights? Let us expect the evils without going to seek them. After that our new married had passed some moneths in the Court of *Brabant*, they must depart to go to *Treves*, the parents of *Sifroy* received her with all the respects that her quality and merit ought to expect from their affection. *Saint Hidulph*, who was then Pastor of that great Town, was very glad to see his flock encreased with so innocent a sheep, and to witness his joy, as she was upon the point to depart, for to go unto a house in the Country, he gave her his Benediction.

This place of pleasure was seated in a Campania, which was not bounded but with the Horizon; the Castle was encompassed

passed with a Park, where it seemed that the Spring would retire her self with her *Zephyres*, when the *Aquilo's* raigned in the Plains of *Germany*, how rigorous soever the winter was, it touched not the *Otanges*, and respected no less the Laurels than the Thunder. At the foot of the Wall, there ran a River, which nourished always a great number of Swans; it was in this place full of delights, and like unto the enchanted Palaces of Romance, that *Sifroy*, and *Genevieve* led the sweetest and most innocent life of the world; nothing troubl'd their contentment, and all things contributed to their pleasures, not one of the domesticks was deprived of this happiness, peace, and good correspondence governed all those that were of their train: They talked not of other cunning, but of that which might deceive the birds; and to speak the truth, they must change master to do otherwise, since one could no more suffer tempest in his house, than on the top of *Olympus*, or in that part of the ayr, which is above the winds and the storms: if any one would have his leave to be gone, he must do an ill action, to the end to obtain it; to merit their affection, they must have the love of God: All this repose

pose proceeded from the example of the master ; so true it is, that the Lords make the vices or the virtues of their Subjects.

What could one desire more to the happiness of this house, unless that it might be constant ? but scarce were two years slid away in this so Innocent life, but the brazen drum of the *Sarazens* troubled the contentments thereof. *Abderame* King of those Moors, which were passed out of *Africk* into *Spain*, promised nothing less to his ambition, than the conquest of *Europe*. The perfidiousness of Traytors, rather than his courage, had already put him into possession of all these Provinces which are beyond the *Pyrenees*.

France was a dainty morsel for him, but he feared to find there other people than the *Goths*. He was not ignorant that there was yet of those ancient *Gauls*, whose Ancestors, to the number of thirty Cavaliers, chased sometimes two thousand Moorish Horse, and constrained them to retire themselves into *Adrumetta*, considering then that in every Province he had whole Nations to conquer, and in one Frenchman many men to combat, he raised the most fearful Army, that the West had ever seen. That deluge
of

of Souldiers stretched it self from the *Pyrenees* even unto *Tourain*, where the invincible *Charls Martel* attended him, with twelve thousand Horse, and three-score thousand French Foot. The renown of so famous a battell, joyned to the interest of all the North, led a great troop of Nobles to *Martel*, insomuch that the bravest Warriours found as much glory to fight under this great Captain, as to gain victories by the conduct of another.

Sifroy, who was one of the most puissant Lords of *Germany*, was ashamed to sleep in the bosome of his wife, whilst that all the others thought of the publick safety, but he found much resistance in the resolution of *Genevieve*, and more than one difficulty to overcome, since there accompanied it somewhat of love and of fear. On one side honour pricked him forward, on the other part he could not resolve himself to quit a good, which he began onely to know; and for my part I believe, that if God had not sent a strong inspiration to *Genevieve*, to dispose her to the consent of this voyage, that the desire to conserve his reputation would have been in danger to yield to the violence of his love: notwithstanding

ing when they were to part, it was then that these two lovers had need of their vertue. Let us pass quickly this grievous encounter, for fear to drown us in the tears which they shed.

The apparell of Warre being prepared, and the day of departure come, the Count called all his Domesticks, and after having recommended unto them the obedience, and the right due to his dear wife, he takes his favourite by the hand, and then addressing his speech to Genevieve, he saith unto her: My Girl, behold Golo, to whom I leave the care of your contentment; the experience which I have of his fidelity makes me hope that the grief of my absence shall be in some manner moderated by the confidence you may take of his service. I say no other thing unto you, as unto his recommendation, but that after me you may expect more comfort from him, than from any person of the world, and therefore I desire you to cherish him in my consideration. At these words the poor Genevieve soulds, they raised her, she falls again three times: all the servants sought out remedies to call again her soul, which seemed to fly for fear, to see the departure of Sisroy, or perhaps to remain under the conduct of Golo. The Count who had observed a notable

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change

change in the countenance of his wife, when he recommended to her the fidelity of his Favourite, lifts up his eyes, and saith these words: *It is to you onely Queen of heaven, glorious mother of my Saviour, that I leave the care of my dear Genevieve. Go Sifroy, go boldly where honour calls thee; fear not that there will arrive any disgrace to that of thy wife; Thou canst not put her into surer and faithfuller hands than those where thou leavest her.*

O my God, how little reflection hath the heart of man, and his spirit, prudence, to discover the malice thereof! is there any thing more important, than the choice of friends, and of good servants; and yet there is nothing in the world wherein we are more easily and dangerously deceived. O how our Palatine failed grossely in the opinion which he had of Golo! *Genevieve* is not a wife of *Poriphar*, but *Golo* is not also a *Josepb*; his shamefull and abominable practices will soon make appear the treachery of his soul.

Let us accompany our Warriour to the Army, where he was very well received of the great *Martell*. I think it not from our purpose to describe the combat that *Sifroy* encounter'd, to the end to trace

a light Image of that which our courageous Princes sustained at the same time. We have said that *Charles Martel* attended *Abderame* near unto *Tours*, where a fair *Campania* seemed to offer him the field of his victories. Having understood that the enemy had put his men in order, he disposed of his in such sort as they had the river of *Loire*, and that of *Cher* at their back, & four hundred thousand Moors in front of them. To oblige them to conquer, he ordered the inhabitants of *Tours* to open the Ports only to the conqueror, and to take away all hope of flight, he placed on the wings of his Army five or six hundred of his bravest Cavaliers, with express commandment to cut the throats of the first that forsook his rank, or that put the assurance of his safety otherwise than in his arms; after his *Battalia* was ordered, he spake thus to his Souldiers:

Companions, I see well that the ardent desire which presseth you to fight, will binder me to make you a long Discourse, besides I think it unnecessary, seeing that you are better disposed to do good actions, than I to utter fair words. Expect not that I go to seek in the Records of the passed ages examples of reason, I have alwayes known, that you love better to give it to your Nephews, than to take it of your

Ancestors. And then though we should be re-
 solved to be insensible of our Interests, and that
 the ruine of our houses, the Sack of Towns,
 the Desolations of Provinces, the plights of our
 children, and the honour of our wives should
 not carry us to the desire of revenge: the inju-
 ry that they do unto God, and to our Religion
 should be a sufficient motive to induce us to pu-
 nish the fury of these Barbarians, who come
 from so far to bring you Pain. I will never
 have so ill opinion of your Piety, as to be-
 lieve you would come to despise that God
 which you have adored, that Religion which
 you have conserved, those Saints which you
 have honoured, those Churches which you
 have built, and those Altars which you have
 erected. It cannot be, that you who are ready to
 carry your faith into the midst of Barbary,
 should permit the impiety of these Maors to
 tread under foot what she possesses most sacred
 in the bosome of your country, and as it were
 before your eyes. But I consider not that my dis-
 course hath already saved the life of twenty
 thousand of those cowards, and hindered that
 half of the victory is not on our side. Go then,
 combat before the eyes of Saint Martin,
 whose quarrell you sustain this day, and reme-
 mber that you are French, whose glory should
 have no other limits, but those of the world.
 The impatience of the French permit-
 ted

ted him not to speak longer: Besides would he not over warm this ardour capable to conquer all when it is well ordered, and which nothing can hurt but its excess. Behold then our Lions, who pierced into the great Multitude of the Sarazines. Hudes with his Gascous assaulted the baggage by the command of Martell, who judged that the cry of women and children would cause trouble in the Army of Abderame. The Event deceived not his expectation, for as soon as the terror fell amongst these people, there was nothing heard but sighs, nor seen but blood and slaughter.

Our French massacred all what the flight drew not from under their victorious Arms, and to say in a word they carried away the most glorious Victory that ever any one heard speak of, the Sarazines leaving upon the place, three hundred sixty and five thousand dead, with their Chief, which cost but the loss of five hundred men. The rest of the Moors rallied themselves under Ananps, one of their Kings, who secured himself at Augnon. Our great Charles willing to leave the marks of his Piety and of the homage he did unto heaven for this Victory, built a Chappell, which they

they named *De bello*, and since by corruption, the Chappell of Saint *Martin* the fair. It was very reasonable to honour the valor of the Princes, and of the Lords with some mark of glory, as the courage of the Souldiers had found its recompence in the booty.

After this happy journey, they presented unto *Martell* a great number of Gennets, which are little black animals, covered with red spots. Willing to make them serve for Monument and Trophie of his victory, he instituted the order of the Gennet, which was three links or rings of gold distinguished from so many Roses, which our ancient *Gauls* put in the buckler of the God *Mars*. At the chain hung a Gennet in the collar of *France* sowed with Lillies, which reposed it self upon a green flowery turf. The number of the Knights were sixteen, amongst which *Sisroy* held one of the principall ranks, as he who had not given place to any in this occasion. The head of this prodigious serpent, which had drawn his folds through *France*, was broken by our *Martell*, but the tail moves yet a little. Therefore he designs to follow *Aucupa* into *Avignon*. Our *Palatine*, who would not go away with the half

half of his glory, and who so saw himself obliged by so honest acknowledgments to pursue the perfection thereof, designed to accompany the Army at this enterprize; not promising himself so soon the end thereof, he sent to visit *Genevieve* by one of his Gentlemen, who carried her the collar of his order, with this Letter.

Madam: since the time that I parted from you if I would believe my impatience, I should complain not to have lived since the consideration of honour brought so hard a constraint to the liberty of my contentments. And to say true, passed felicities being but present miseries, I cannot think of the happiness which I have possessed, without confessing my self the most miserable of all those that live upon the earth. What? think you that my spirit laboureth amongst the hazards of War, so much for a thousand dangers which may environ me, as for the apprehension I have to enjoy no more your dear company? If the assurance which I have of living in your memory, & in the tenderest part of you heart, flattered not my grief, it would long since have been mistress of my senses, and have found no more remedy in all my reason. It is this confidence which hath conducted me unto the places where death seems to be as certain, as life is there little assured. For I would fain have you know my Girl,

that the strongest motive that cast me into the hazards was this, Thou livest in the bosome of thy Genevieve, who should be so cruel, as to offend that fair and innocent breast, to procure thee evil? no, there is no barbarity hath so much cruelty to commit so banious a sin: and death it self, as blind as she is, hath too much knowledge to have so little discretion. She hath made appear, in giving me no wound, that she apprehended to procure grief unto you. Banish then on your part those vain apprehensions which love puts ordinarily into the spirit of those that love. Landroy will tell you the good fortune of our Arms & the just reason that binders me from seeing you: above all, my dear girl, I conjure you to wipe off your tears, and to stop your sighs, which come from so far to seek me, otherwise I shall not believe that you would take any part in my good fortune, if you divide not the contentments thereof with me. To the end you may have some cause to be pacified, I offer you the present, with which it hath pleased our invincible General to honour my courage, & the emulation I had to do well. I knew not to present it to any body so dear unto me as yourself. if you receive it with the good will which I promise me, I shall draw from thence as much satisfaction, as if they should erect statues to my valour, and as if all the mouths

of

of fame were employed, but to speak of my merit, this is the esteem that I desire you to have of my affection. Adieu my Girl, and conserve me the fairest life of this age.

Leave we *Sifroy* to depart for *Provence* and come we to find the Countess with *Landfroy*, who was not long on his way before he was with her. When one came to tell her, that there was a Gentleman arrived from her husband, she was walking in the windings of a Labyrinth to lose there her sorrows, or at least wise to charm the troubles thereof. *Landfroy* was by misfortune habited in black that day which made *Genevieve* to swoond assoon as he appeared: but having observed by his countenance and gesture the testimonies of joy, rather than the marks of sadness, she demanded of him with a trembling voice how *Sifroy* did. After that the Gentleman had made an humble reverence, he presented his Packet: Madam, behold the Letters that will speak it with a better grace than I. Having opened them she withdrew her self a little into an Alley, and read them two or three times, stopping very long on every word; notwithstanding her joy was not entire considering that her Palatine was absent. The curiosity of a thousand demands presented

presented it self to her spirit, she called *Lanfroy*, who by her commandment told her that his Master was at *Tours*, upon the point to go unto *Avignon*, to besiege the rest of the *Sarazines*, who were retired thither, and from thence to *Narbona*, against *Autbime*, who held that strong place. All this discourse pleased not much the Countess, who judged well that these sieges of Towns would detain her husband long time: lastly, having understood that they feared yet the coming of another King named *Amorus*, who brought succours to his Nation, she saw well that the return of *Sifroy* was not to be hoped till the following year; which made her resolve to dispatch unto him his Gentleman some dayes after with this answer.

‘ Sir, if the Letter which you writ unto
 ‘ me, gave consolation to my evils, I will
 ‘ have no other witness therof but he who
 ‘ rendered it me; but if it hath caused me
 ‘ new apprehensions, there is nothing
 ‘ but my love that can tell it you. Surely,
 ‘ as I desire your return beyond all things,
 ‘ so that assurance which I have of your
 ‘ retardment, causeth me as true griefs, as
 ‘ your return gives me vain joyes. Was it
 ‘ not enough to conceal me the time that
 ‘ might make me hope, without telling
 me

me that I must be miserable a full whole
 year, and that I shall see you only, when
 you have vanquished an *Hydra* that
 springs up again every day? Alas, it may
 be that my miseries shall not go on so
 far, and that this time shall be longer
 than my life. When the first news of
 that great defeat was brought unto us,
 and that the blood thereof was come
 almost to flow at the foot of our house,
 I could not express unto you how ma-
 ny fears assailed my spirit, and with
 how many distresses my heart was scif-
 ed. I heard continually my thoughts
 that said unto me, *Genevieve*, believest
 thou that death hath spared thy Pala-
 tine amongst so many thousand men as
 her fury hath devoured? if her blindness
 takes from her all knowledge, and
 leaves her not any discretion, thou hast
 no cause to hope that she hath conser-
 ved a life which was unknown unto
 her. That tempest is passed, that storm
 is dissipated, and you cast me into new
 despairs! Oh that you would appre-
 hend a litle that which exposes me an
 hundred times a day, to the hazard of
 being a widow! consider my dear Si-
 froy, that fortune hath no means more
 ordinary to make her favours appear
 than

‘ than their little continuance : her con-
‘ stancy not able to be assured, she should
‘ be suspected of you. What know you,
‘ if the glory of these honours which
‘ she presents you, is not of the nature of
‘ those fires, that shine not, but to lead
‘ into precipices? Oh how much better it
‘ had been that it had left your courage
‘ without recompence, than to offer it
‘ new motives to destroy it self. I am not
‘ ignorant of the justice of your Arms,
‘ and that heaven is obliged to make
‘ them prosper, if it will maintain its
‘ own quarrell, but who knows not al-
‘ so, that very often it makes us encoun-
‘ ter our enemies, to the end to break us,
‘ seeking in our losses, either the revenge
‘ of our sinnes, or the merit of our pa-
‘ tience. I do not oppose my self obsti-
‘ nately against that which the will of
‘ God seeks from our obedience ; not-
‘ withstanding whilst that it shall not be
‘ known unto me, reason will that I
‘ have care of your safety, not willing
‘ to forget mine own. Not to lye, if your
‘ absence were more profitable to the ser-
‘ vice of God than it is dammageable to
‘ my repose, I would make all my Inter-
‘ ests give place unto his, and would not
‘ desire onely to be happy at the least dis-
‘ advantage

‘ advantage of his glory ; but now that
‘ *France* is propped with an Arm, upon
‘ which all the Crowns of the earth
‘ might repose the care of their conserva-
‘ tion , can I permit you to encrease its
‘ assurance without being Accomplice of
‘ the evil which you do me? If I should
‘ consent thus to mine own misfortune,
‘ you have too much knowledge of your
‘ merit, not to esteem me unworthy of
‘ your amity ; and without doubt you
‘ would accuse my judgement, if I had so
‘ little wildome. Esteem me not ignorant,
‘ as to this point, for I know that whole
‘ Rivers of the enemies blood are not
‘ worth one drop of yours, and that it
‘ should not be desirable, although it
‘ might be profitable, to finish the death
‘ of all these Barbarians by the least ha-
‘ zard of your person. This thought
‘ makes me to hope, that you will guard
‘ your self from your own courage ,
‘ which is the most redoubtable of your
‘ enemies, for fear to expose may be three
‘ persons to the same death. But if you
‘ have resolved to seek all the occasions
‘ to dye, attend at least, till this little crea-
‘ ture, which I believe to carry in my
‘ womb, be out of the danger to make
‘ thereof its sepulchre.

Grief

Grief had begun this Letter, grief finisheth it. Our Palatine was already at the siege of *Avignon*, when he received it. To tell you the trouble, that the last words of his wife cast into his soul, would be the occupation of some one that seeks out such matters; I would do it notwithstanding, if it were not time to discourse unto you the most wicked, and most infamous treason that could fall into the spirit of a servant.

Golo, unto whom *Sifroy* had given more authority than the Saver of *Egypt* received from his Master, had alwayes looked upon *Genevieve* with the respect which he owed to her vertue, whilst that the Count remained with her. They say that the Diamond hinders the action of the Loadstone upon the Iron, if it be put between both; it is true, perhaps, that *Golo* had never a thought against his duty in the presence of his master, were it that he apprehended the punishment of his infidelity, or that he believed his wife would never divide her heart, having before her eyes him that wholly possessed it. This Lady had beauty enough to be beloved, but she had too much honesty to permit it. This was the cause, that the Traitor *Golo* concealed his fire for some time; but

at

at last he could not burn with more discretion than the Laurel does; he sigh'd, he complain'd, he would fain declare the evil that he suffer'd; yet not daring to hope the remedy thereof, he believ'd his words would be lost, and his fortune hazarded, should he say that which he ought to conceal: His thoughts combated long time with his passion, and perhaps it had been vanquish'd, if it had not been ayded with the presence of its object. Little Flie, you will burn your self, if you keep not from this light, whose lustre will be as fatal to you, as that of a Comet..

What will our intendent doe, become slave to the filthiest of all the passions? He takes courage, and resolves himself to discover his flames to her, who was the innocent cause thereof. He goes into the Countess's chamber; but as soon as he perceiv'd her modesty, his temerity expects a refuse and reproaches. This first essay not seeming seasonable, he remits the designe thereof to another encounter. At last, behold the occasion that he takes to discover his desires. The Countess had entertained a Painter, to work in the Galleries of her Pallace: amongst the works that he made, the Tablet of *Genevieve* was not the least; and it could

could not be deformed, being the portrait of so fair a thing; as one day the Countess beheld it, she called Gold, and asked him his judgement of that piece, he who looked for an opportunity to declare his passion, was very glad to meet with this, and seeing that the servants and gentlewomen were too far distant to hear him, he saith unto her, *Truly Madam, if e're the pencill hath hit right, it is in this subject; there is no beauty but excellent forever it be, that comes near this Image, & for my part, I think to have eyes is sufficient to lose a heart.* In speaking thus, he had always his sight fixed upon Genevieve, witnessing by his sighs & lascivious looks, that he had passion for something else, than for the colours. Our chaste Countess perceived it well, notwithstanding the fear to appear too subtle, made her dissemble to comprehend that which she could not be ignorant of. This modesty serv'd as fire to a man all moulded of bitumen; believing then that his discourse was too clear not to be understood, and the modesty of his Mistress too great, not to be affected, he thus continued what he had so ill begun. *But Madame, if your bare picture gives love to those that owe unto you respect, would you not pardon a person that would*
adore

adore the Prototype thereof? without doubt your beauty is too perfect to be so cruel, and so unjust as to desire to command a passion, which the Gods have obeyed. This is to speak like an Idolater (replied the Countess) these Divinities being feigned, their love is nothing else but a Fable. At least it cannot be denied (replied the Intendant) that these fictions may not express my true affections. You love then Golo? Yes Madame, and the most beautiful person of the world. Truly I would fain know her that hath given you this innocent affection, I would advance with all my power your contentment, & if your design be fixed upon any one of those whom I command, I would endeavor to render your suit as acceptable to her as it is advantageous. Genevieve, your sweetness has too much complacence, if you would be a little more severe, you would be less unfortunate. I leave you to think, if our Intendant had his head in the Stars, taking the wise dissimulation of his mistress for a secret consent. It was then that he shewed his visage more openly, & that his sighs made the half of this evil discourse. Madam, I see nothing amiable but you, they are your attractions which have vanquished the constancy that I opposed to myself, but since that I know your answer's favor

my designs, I cannot be unfortunate, if I be not foolish. A clap of thunder had stricken Genevieve with less astonishment than these words, notwithstanding being come again to the liberty of speech, her choller and indignation, represented to him the shame of his infidelity, with such sharp reproaches, that if he had not had much passion, without doubt he had never had impudence.

How, miserable wretched servant, saith she, do you acquit your self thus of the fidelity which you promised to your Master? dare you look upon a person, who hath as much horreur of your crime, as desire to punish it, if repentance do not make you wise? the dissimulation which I used, was it not an advertisement to your rashness, that I would not hear it? take heed you never more offer me any such discourse, if you be but as much careful of your good, as little of your duty. I have the means to make you repent your folly. Indignation and despight hindered the rest of her discourse.

What will Gale say? it is no time to speak, & then he sees that the servants perceive the Countess was moved, perswading himself that another occasion would render

der her more favourable to his pursuits, he remits them with an answer that draws him out of the suspicion of the servants, and which excuses him to his Mistress.

Madam (replied this Fox) if there be any fault in that which you reproach me of, it is pardonable, being not voluntary: I hope to make such satisfaction to the person that I have offended, that if she be reasonable she will be angry no more. Those who heard these words, having not conceived what the Princess had said, believed that the Intendant, a man chollick and brutish, had wronged some one of the house, & that he promised to satisfy the complaints that had been made against him: this encounter passed in this manner; but Gold, who had not valued his conquest if it had been easie, redoubles his passion, & esteems the good fortune to enjoy her by the difficulty to acquire her. He thinks, he meditates the means to attain to the end on't. At last behold the most unjust, the most shameful, and most criminal thought that could fall into the mind of a wicked servant. There was a Cook in the house, who had gained the good opinion of the Countess by his virtue, (that was the only artifice and magick they must use to possess her heart and her affection) the

Intendant having known it sufficiently with the other domesticks, resolves to make once more his shameful demands; and in case that he should be refused, to render the chastity of Genevieve suspected unto him, who ought not doubt thereof. Her being with child served for a pretence to his malice, and the envy, which the other servants bare to this poor Cook, promised an easie belief to his calumny. One evening after Supper, that the coolness of the time invited the Princess to come forth, as she walked in an Arbour separate from her maids, Golo feigning to have some affair to communicate to her, approached her, and after many words darted out a discourse, to sound the bottom, and to be the spies of the Combat, that he prepared against her chastity; after having put himself into a thousand postures, and taken an infinity of countenances, after having alledged all the ill reasons of his passion, he ended thus.

This discourse, Madam, is not to constrain you to love me against your inclination, but only to perswade you to one last request which I make unto you, to advance my death with this weapon, since your rigour permits not my constancy to hope what my love merits. I shall

shall be to oblige me by a signal favour, to make me die in another fashion than slowly. When he held this discourse, he presented her a Ponyard: If the Princess interrupted not the importunities of this perfidious man, it was anger that hindered her, for as soon as she could do it, commanding her just passion not to break out, she replies unto him: Golo, I believed, that my mildness would have corrected your presumption, and that it was enough to have shown you that your pursuit was too shameful, not to be vain; but seeing my goodness is unprofitable unto you, I declare unto you, that if ever you be so bold to open your mouth to the like purpose, my husband shall be advertised thereof. Oh Genevieve what have you said? this word will cost you but your life, if the credulities of Sifroy second the artifices of Golo, why would you not do it without telling him it? you show well that your freeness hath more of candour than your prudence hath of conduct. My dear Reader, it is now that you come to see Innocence suffer, learn from hence how to suffer with a good grace. The History that I come to describe is capable to give both example and the motives thereof. Our Intendant provoked with this refusal, retires himself full of rage and

fury: this thunder will soon break out into a furious tempest. Some few dayes after Gelo called two or three of those that he could best trust in the house, and then having made three or four tears to slide from his trayterous eyes, he said unto them sighing.

My friends, I cannot express unto you with how much displeasure I am constrained to discover unto you a thing, which I have hidden from you as long time as I have hoped amendment in the deplorable subject of this discourse. And truly, if the particular sin of our unfortunate mistress, passed not into a publick scandal, or that her shame darkned not the glory of her husband, I would permit my silence to conceal the crime of Genevieve, for fear to publish the dishonour of Sistray. I am ashamed to tell you that which I think, but what means are there to hide a thing from you, of which your eyes are witnesses? Those who have not seen the caresses of Genevieve in the behalf of that miserable varlet, may be ignorant of their cunning: those who have not heard their discourse may doubt of their evil practice; those who have not perceived their filthy actions may esteem them innocent; but alas! who can do it? the subtilty of their words, gentleness of their glances, the liberty of their actions and her pregnancy, are the voices that tell us

too loud our misfortune. For me, on the fidelity of whom my Master hath reposed the care of his wife, as I had more obligation to watch over her deportments, so have I seen the things which I would fain have to be false, so unbelieve them. Trayterous and perfidious Slave! is it thus, that thou coverest thy deceit with pretence of devotion? is it thus that thou hidest thy Magick under the fair semblance of a studied piety? I speak this (my friends) because it is miserable for me to think, that my Lady should abase her eyes upon this beggar, if they were not blinded with the force of some charm. I thought it fit to take your advice upon so ill an affair, to the end to conceal the infamy of this house as much as it may be possible for us. For my part I believe that it is fit to put this miserable Cook into a prison till the return of our Master, and because that my Lady may enlarge him being free, it will not be unseasonable to make her keep her chamber, with the sweetest usage that an offender may hope for, in the mean time I will give advertisement to my Lord of the diligence that you shall have contributed to his affairs.

All this fair Oration was not to persuade those who were already prepossessed of the Innocence of the Countess, but only to keep some appearance of form in a manifest injustice. Behold the resoluti-

on them taken against these two innocent
victims. One morning that *Genevieve*
was yet in bed, *Golo* called the Cook, and
with these words which had this in com-
mon with the thunder, that they grum-
bled not but to dart lightning, reproach-
ed him that he had put an amorous poi-
son into the Princesses meat, by means
whereof he had disposed both of her will
and of her person. It was in vain for the
poor *Drogan* to protest that he was in-
nocent, to call heaven and earth to wit-
ness of his deportments, and of the ho-
nesty of his mistress; he must pass the Wic-
ket and do a long penitence for the sin of
Golo, having no other consolation in
his griefs, but the tears that he shed day
and night in his prison. It was a thing
worthy of compassion, when this mi-
schievous Impostor went into the cham-
ber of *Genevieve* to make her the evil dis-
course, which had rendered *Drogan* cul-
pable. Truly the holy Lady had need of
all her vertue in this encounter, yet her
patience escaped her a little, but as there
was not any creature that was not *Golo*,
so was there not one that hearkened
to her plaints, or was moved with her
misery. They took her and led her into a
Tower, from whence she might hear e-
nough

nough the pitiful cries of Drogan, but not comfort his evils. To express the regrets of Benedictus, one must be touched with the same resentments, and for my part I love better that you should meditate them, than to express them ill. So many regrets might kill a woman eight months great with child, if God had not taken a particular care of her; all the consolation she had amongst so many distresses was that heaven could not leave this injury unpunished without declaring it self Accomplice thereof. Indevouring sometimes to make her sighs break prison, she complained amorously in this manner.

Alas my God! is it possible thou shouldst permit the evils that I suffer, having a perfect knowledge of their extremity; what have I done unto thee to make me the sad subject of so many dolors? the petty services that I indeavoured to render to thee, made me hope a better fortune, and I see now, that either thou punishest rigorously their defects, or that thou disdainest to acknowledge their merit. But my most pitiful Father, hast thou no punishment more sweet and less shameful? the loss of my riches, was it not capable to make the proof of my patience; and to punish the revolts of my heart? could not sickness expiate my offences? the death of my kindred and friends,

friends, and my own, would this be too little a thing to try my fidelity? Oh how thou wouldst have obliged me if thy justice could have been contented with that: but alas! that which I have said, are blessings which I may desire, if I compare them to the evils that I suffer. I should not lose enough, if I might not lose what is impossible for me to recover without miracle. This favour would be very necessary unto me, I crave it not for all that, provided that this innocent that I carry be not oppressed under my ruine. I consent that thou shouldst permit it. Let them hide me in the darkness of a prison, but let him see the light of the day, & that of thy grace, let them beat me, but let not the blows light upon him, let them slander me, but let not the blame stick on him. Let them kill me, but let him live. I may hope of thy mercy that one day they shall acknowledge his mother was miserable, but innocent, afflicted but without sin, calumniated but without cause, condemned but without crime. My ashes shall receive his satisfaction from my enemies; and my soul shall be content therewith. If thou permit me to expect this from thy goodness, I will not languish without some kind of pleasure, & shall rest content to drown in my tears, rather than burn with a fire which had been displeasing unto thee.

It was thus that the poor Innocent
 lighted

sighed night and day, without hoping any comfort but from heaven; for to expect it from men, had been but to help to deceive her self, and to seek for illusions. No body put foot into this Tower, Golo was the Dragon that kept this treasure, where he had alwayes his heart: he went often to see *Genevieve*, who received more pain and displeasure from his importunities, than from the evils which he made her to endure. But if he had before found resistance in his designs, he met here now with impossibilities. The Countess dissembles no more, her sweetness is turned into a just indignation. If *Golo* thinks to flatter her, she revile him, if he makes her promises she despises them; if he will approach her she flies, if he touches her, she cries out. One time he said unto her, *that she means to cover her shame, was to permit him that, which a wretched Cook had obtained at his pleasure.* At these words the Countess could no more command her choller, than satisfy the revenge that it inspired into her. "Perfidious traytor (said she) art thou not content to have rendered me miserable without desiring to make me an adulteress? hitherto I have not beheld thee but as a wicked man, but now I take thee

' thee for a cruel tyrant. Finish perfidious
 ' man, finish thy cruelties, chastity hath
 ' her martyrs; I refuse not to be of them,
 ' for to expect that I permit thee other
 ' thing than to kill me, is to lose thy
 ' time and thy pains.

This wretch considering that his Mi-
 stress had too much virtue to sin, indea-
 vours to cover his crime, under the pre-
 text of marriage: He made therefore a
 report flee abroad, that the Palatine ha-
 ving embarked himself at Sea for his re-
 turn, had there made shipwreck, and so
 perished. Upon this news, he forged let-
 ters; which he made to slide into the
 hands of *Genevieve*, to the end to dispose
 her to his suit by the assurance of her hus-
 bands death. But the holy mother of
 God discovers this artifice, which ani-
 mated the Countess with such a despight,
 that the Intendant no sooner made unto
 her the overture of his marriage, but she
 sent him away with a box: this artifice suc-
 ceeding not to him, he had recourse to his
 nurse, who never did a worse action, than
 in giving him the breast; the fidelity of this
 woman, *Golo* made use of to carry neces-
 saries to *Genevieve*; He conjures her to
 gain him the heart of the Princess, and to
 sweeten her spirit by all the artifices that
 she

she could devise; he hopes easily to be able to beguile a woman, by the same means that the Devil used against a man. But surely he deceives himself, for he finds that *Genevieve* is a rock; if the winds beat it, it is to fasten it; if the waves strike it, it is to polish it; nor threatening, nor flattery, nor sweetness, nor cruelty, nor violence, nor subtilty could prevail any thing against a soul so full of virtue.

During all these devices, the term of *Genevieve's* lying in arrived: alas! may I say that a Princess was constrained to be her own Midwife? should I say that in this necessity, where the beasts have need of assistance, the wife of a powerful Palatine was abandoned of all succour? verily he must be of some other matter than marble, to deny tears to so extream a misery. Behold then our holy Countess in the trances of child-bearing, behold her son in her own hands; who could hear this, which she saith unto it, without pity? certainly it would not be more easie to see her without tears, than without eyes.

Alas, my poor infant, how many sorrows hath thy innocence caused me! oh how many evils will my miseries make thee suffer! fearing that the necessity of
 all

all things, and the incommodities of the place, might make him die out of the grace of God, she baptized it. Boldly, *Genevieve*, call your son *Benoni*, or *Tristan*, he must carry the name of his Godmother, since God, who is his Godfather, hath none at all: After that this little Infante was brought forth, his mother wrapped it in the old napkins, which they had left there by neglect.

When the Nurse told the Intendant that there was then two prisoners in the Tower, and that the Princess was extremely cast down with sorrow and grief, pity, which had found no entrance into the soul of this barbarian, made then her last attempt to touch him with some sense of compassion. At last he relented even so far as to give her a little more bread than ordinary, rather to keep her to her passion, or to make her doleful live, than to bring her relief. A complexion strong, and robustious would be ruined amongst so many distresses and anguishes; it was not then a little miracle to see *Genevieve* more fair and fresh after the pains of her Childbed, and in the resentments of so much bitterness, than she appeared amongst the pleasures and the delights of her prosperity. One would have

have believed after having seen her, that she was of the nature of that flower, who is never more gay and lively, than when they tread her under foot. Our Intendant being gone into her prison, found there new lights, with which his senses were so dazzled, that he thought to dye with love: but finding this holy woman firm in the resolution to live miserable, and to dye chaste, rather than to purchase felicities by the loss of her honour, he resolves himself to give the last stroke to his evil fortune.

All this proceeding was yet unknown to *Sisroy*, he thinks it fit then to anticipate the spirit of his Master, and to let him know the misfortune of his house. Two moneths were stoln away since the lying in of *Genevieve*, when he instructeth one of his servants, to carry him the news thereof: yet would he make prudence appear in his malice, and to this effect he writes only these few words to the Palatine.

Sir, if I feared not to publish an infamy which I would hide, I should trust a great secret in this paper: but all your domesticks, and particularly this bearer having seen the diligence that I used, and the artifices which have deceived my prudence, I have no need but of
their

their testimony to put my fidelity out of suspicion, and my service in estimation; believe all that which he shall tell you, and give me soon advertisement of your will.

We have said that the Count was at the siege of *Avignon* when he received the first news of his wife. Since the taking of this fair Town, *Charles Martel* had likewise reduced *Narbonne*, where *Antoine* was shut up. The courage and prudence of this great Captain, made it self remarkable in the bloody journey of *Tours*, and at the sieges of these two towns. Notwithstanding his great Genius never appeared better than in the defeat of *Amour* King of the *Sarazines*, who having understood the ill success of his Nation in *France*, would needs come there never to depart thence, for he was slain there with all his people, without the escape of one from the slaughter, to certify his loss. This last combat was as advantageous to the glory of *Martel* as the first, but it cost him dearer than the others, for besides a great number of dead, there were store of Lords wounded, amongst whom our *Sifroy* received a blow, which held him long time in a Town of *Languedock*, where the ill news which the artifice of *Golo* had framed, was brought him. The change of *Ale-*

on never gave so much astonishment to that miserable person, as the discourse of this messenger put into the spirit of the Palatine. He meditated nought but high and cruel vengeance; from admiration he fell into choller, from choller into fury, and from that into rage.

Ob! cursed woman, must thou so shamefully the glory which I have endeavored to acquire in combats, oughtst thou to bring so much cunning to cover thy treachery, & to make pity serve as a veil to thy filibines? well, thou hast made no account of mine honour. I will not spare thy blood, nor that of thy infants which thou hast not brought into the world but to serve as executioner to thy crime. And then setting before his eyes the modesty and honesty of his wife, as if he had been delivered from some evil spirit, he said with a sober sense: no, it is not possible that Genevieve hath so wickedly betrayed me, I have always known her actions full of virtue, her love being so ardent, it could not be so long disssembled. Tell me my great friend how long it is since this miserable woman was brought a-bed? Monsieur, replied the messenger, it is but a moneth. It was herein that the malice of Golo had travelled, for to put the Countess under a violent suspicion of her chastity, he made him say to the

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Palatine that she was brought a bed the tenth moneth after his departure.

This might well be true, and *Genevieve* innocent, since Philosophy and experience teach that women may carry their fruit ten moneths; yea that some have been found who have gone great even to the fifteenth and sixteenth. Notwithstanding because it is not ordinary, *Sisroy* believed easily she was dishonest. Jealousie aided somewhat his belief, for although the vertue of *Genevieve* might deliver his spirit from this disease, her beauty cast him into some shadows, even when he enjoyed her in the repose of his house. It is a thing worthy of admiration, to see that prudence aids sometimes to deceive it self. All that which the Palatine could lay hold of for proofs of his wives Innocence, he made conjectures to her confusion; her honesty was no more but subtilty, her wisdom but cunning, her devotion but hypocrisie, her vertues but vices disguised. It is then no marvell if he consented to his own misfortune.

After having well thought on the revenge of this crime which his sole credulity had made, he dispatched the same servant towards *Gelo* with commandment to keep his wife so close shut up, that no body

by might make address unto her; and for that wretched slave who was in prison, that he should find out in the horror and extremity of his sin, some punishment proportionable to his attempt. The Intendant received this commandement with pleasure, to execute it with prudence he made a mortal to be prepared for this poor miserable; which soon took from him the rest of all others. Behold the first Act of our bloody Tragedy; the blood of this Innocent victim, satisfied not the rage of *Golo*, on the contrary, mounting to his excess through the horrible visions of *Drogan*, whom he believed to have always before his eyes, and through the apprehension that *Sifroy* might come to discover the Innocence of *Genevieve*, he supposed that it was time to think upon the means of her entire ruine.

Having understood that the Count was on his journey, and would soon arrive, he went before-hand as far as *Straßbourg* to meet him. There was near the Town an old sorceress, sister to *Golo's* nurse, of whom he believed he might serve himself in his design; he went unto her house, and gilded her hands, that she might make *Sifroy* to see what never had been. His plot thus laid, he went fur-

ther to meet the Count, who received him with thousand testimonies of good will. When he had drawn him aside, he demanded him the deplorable condition of his house. It was here that the tears and sobbs of *Golo* rendered themselves Accomplices of his treason; scarce pronounced he a word without a sigh: at last after a long and tedious discourse, he declared unto him all that which we have said, and that he had sent *Drogen* with little noyse to the other world, that his perfidiousness might not break forth by his punishment. The Count praised infinitely the conduct of his Intendant: lastly having questioned him very often upon the particularities of his misfortune, *Golo* fearing to be surprised in his answers, said unto him: *Sir, I do not believe that you doubt of a fidelity which I would witness to you at the cost of my life, but if you will take other proofs of this ill affair than from my mouth, I have the means to make you see how the whole passed. There is not far from this place a very knowing woman, who will make you to see all these evil practices. Sifroy was surprised with a curiosity which will cost him much sorrow; he prayed him to be his conduct to her house, which he promised him. In the Evening*
the

the Count, with his Confident, dismissed his train, and slid himself into the Sorceress house. The Palatine put a good quantity of Crowns into her hand, and conjured her to let him see all what had passed during his absence. The false old Witch, who would encrease his desire by her refuse, feigned to find difficulty therein, and even to divert him from thence by many reasons, representing to him that he might perhaps see those things, the ignorance whereof might be more profitable to him, than the knowledge could be desirable, and that a misfortune is never full when it is hidden. All this tended but to give more desire to *Sifroy* to be deceived. Seeing him then resolved, she took him by the hand with *Golo*, and led him into a little vault, which was under her cave, where nothing gave light but two gross candles of green tallow. After having marked out two circles with a rod, and put *Sifroy* into the one, & *Golo* into the other, she put a mirrour into a vessel full of water, upon which the Sorceress murmured certain words, whose horreur made the hair stand on end: this done, she made three turns backwards near a bucket, and blowed as many times upon it. The moving of the

water being stopped, the Count approached by her command, and as he bowed himself three times, he cast his eyes upon the Glass. The first time he perceived his wife speaking to the Cook with a smiling countenance, and an eye full of sweetness: the second time he saw *Genevieve*, who passed her fingers into his hair, flattering him with much dalliance; but the third, he saw those privacies which could no wayes accord with modesty. Imagine you with what fury he came forth from this little hell. Oh what words said he not? what fatal cruelties called he not to the revenge of his grief?

When an Elephant is in fury, it is enough to shew him a sheep to appease him: the Intendant who feared that the same might arrive to his master, endeavours in keeping of *Genevieve*, to take away an object of sweetness from before his eyes. He represented to the Count that it was to be feared his just anger, willing to punish the crime of his wife, might publish it, that he judged it more fit to give the commission thereof to some other, who would dispatch it softly; whilst he rendered himself by little journeys at his house. This counsel was received of the Palatine with much praise, and

and because he thought no person so trusty as he who was the author thereof, he gave him charge to execute it, though Golo witnessed some displeasure in this obedience.

The Intendant at his return into the house, failed not to reveal the whole mystery to his nurse, forbidding her to communicate it to any body. But the providence of God would not that this woman should be more secret than others, who know nothing of that which they conceal, and have no silence but for the things they are ignorant of; scarce had she understood this from the mouth of Golo, but she poured it into the ear of her daughter, who though she had a wicked mother, was not without some laudable qualities, and above all, not without a tender compassion of Genevieve's miseries. The Countess perceiving that she wept, asked the cause of her tears? Oh! Madam (answered this Maid) it is concerning your life, Golo hath received command from my Lord to put you to death. *Well my Girl (said the Countess) you and I have occasion to rejoyce, it is long since I petitioned this favour of God: but what shall become of my poore infant?* Madam he must dye with you. At these words Genevieve remained

without motion, the first word that grief permitted her to utter was this: *Oh my God, wilt thou suffer that this little creature, who knows not yet to sin, be afflicted; and that an Infant be culpable, because he is unfortunate?*

In saying this she washed his little cheeks with her tears, and then having given unto love all the kisses that he demanded, she addressed her self to that good maid. *Sweet heart I know not if I may beseech thee to render a last service to the most miserable of all women; thou canst oblige me with little pain, and without hazard, since all I shall request of thy courtesie is, that thou bring me a little ink & paper; thou shalt find some in that cabinet or closet which is near my chamber; hold, there is the key; take there what thou wilt of my jewels, provided thou do me this pleasure.* The maid failed not to do what she had prayed her, sliding afterward a writing into the same Cabinet from whence she had taken the paper.

So soon as the next day began to break, Golo called two servants whom he thought the most trusty, and commanded them to conduct the mother and the child into a Wood, which was half a mile from the Castle, to kill them there out of noise, and then to cast their bodies into the river.

ver. To have some mark of their cruel obedience, he willed that they should bring him the tongue of that wicked woman (so he called our Innocent Princess.) What probability of denying any thing to a barbarian who hath the power to make himself obeyed? they went into the prison where they bereaved the poor Lady of her Habits, they clad her with old garments, and in this pitiful condition, they drew her along to punishment. I hear thee demand, Reader, if there be a providence that watcheth over the designs of men? To this I answer, that there are not more stars in the Firmament, than eyes open upon all their actions; but if God seemeth sometimes to sleep in the midst of our miseries, it is to the end to save us with more wonder, and more evident testimonies of his love. Let us return to the poor *Genevieve*, whom I see go guarded between two, carrying in her arms her little Innocent. It is here where all the eloquence of Oratours would be mute, if it should enterprise to express the horror of this sad spectacle. Our Princess whom grief had hindered to speak untill then, turning her self towards the house, where she had suffered so many cruelties, said sighing.

Adieu

Adieu then, sad residence of my sorrows, adieu, since heaven will that I dy, I quit willingly a place where I have endured so many cruel deaths. But since men fail in the testimony of my Innocence, I desire that all the insensible creatures that are within the compasse of these walls, accuse my wickedness, if I have been wanting to my duty, and praise my vertue if I be Innocent; adieu for ever. Whilst *Genevieve* wept thus, a torrent of tears washed her cheeks and her bosome, not that she had regret to leave so miserable a life as hers, but because she esteemed the means of losing it too unjust, not to be lamented. And to speak truly, there must be a vertue beyond humane to remain insensible of such rude strokes. When we lose life, we lose a thing which we cannot always keep; but honour being as the spirit of our soul, if it come once to dye, we cannot but with much difficulty hope the resurrection thereof.

Our two Innocent victims being arrived to the place where their sacrifice was to be made: one of the ministers of this barbarous execution lifted up already the sword, to cut the throat of the little Infant, when the mother demanded to dy first, so the end not to dye twice. O how a miserable beauty hath power upon a heart

heart that is not altogether of marble, could you believe that those whom Golo had chosen to take away the Countesses life should be those that conserved it to her? the last words that proceeded from her mouth, changed so their will through compassion, that the one of them said to the other: *Comrade, why should we stain our hands in so fair a blood as that of our Mistress, let us leave her to live, whom we have not seen to do any thing worthy of so cruel a death: her modesty and sweetness are the infallible proofs of her Innocence; may be a day will come that will put her verine into evidence, and our condition into a better fortune. It would be hard to say, who had the most pain to consent to this design either those who were to take her life from her, or she that should lose it.* Notwithstanding the regret to see an Innocent of five years old murdered, made Genevieve *monethly* consent to be unhappy sometimes, perswading her self that necessarily would make her dye with less horror than the sword.

This so resolved, the two servants commanded their Mistress to get her self so far into the Forrest, that Sifroy might never have news of her. It was easie to hide her self in a wood which seemed not to have been made but for a retreat to the Bears, and savage beasts, its extent gave

gave horreur to the most hardy, when they were to traverse it, and its obscurity was the abode of silence: but if any thing interrupted it sometimes, it could be but the howlings of the wolves, the cry of owls, and the sighings of the Orfay. The grief of the Countess bare well its part there when it was permitted her to live amongst the beasts. Go boldly then *Genevieve*, go into a place which you sometimes ardently desired, and know that God had not given you an inclination unto solitude, but to sweeten unto you the incommodities thereof. As the Servants returned towards the Castle, it happened by accident, that they repented them of their pity, remembring that *Golo* had commanded them to bring the tongue of *Genevieve* for assurance of their fidelity. Whereupon they returned back again to execute that which their compassion had hindered them to do. But God who conducted this affair, ordained that they should meet a little dog, who received the favour to lose his tongue for his Mistress. Being arrived at the house, the Intendant received the news of that which they should have done by his commandment, for which he resented a very sensible joy: Presently he gave advertisement thereof

to the Palatine, in whose house he acted the Count. Sifroy being arrived, they talked not but of the Chase, of debauchees and of recreation; to the end to divert all the thoughts that might call back the memory of Genevieve. One day the Count being fallen upon the discourse of his miseries, against the intention of our Intendant, he related to him that the last night he had dreamed that a great dragon had ravished from him his wife.

Truly (replied Golo) who made all things serve to his artifices) Behold a dream that tells you too clearly your misfortune: this dragon, is the traitor Drogan, who hath so wickedly sinned against his duty. You can doubt no more thereof, seeing the dream hath only reversed one letter of his abominable name, to give you assurance whence your disaster proceeds. And truly besides what I have spoken, we understand from History that many persons have dreamed the same, when the unchastity of their wives made them adulteresses, or the violence of some one constrained them to that wickedness. But Sir, you should remove all these black thoughts from your spirit since they cannot serve but to trouble the peace thereof. Forget the ashes of her, who would burn with so filthy a fire, that it is impossible

it remember it without shame; must there be so much force and virtue to rage out of your spirit an ingrate who hath so wickedly removed you from her heart; believe a person that makes his repose and his troubles of your interests, to settle your spirits upon better thoughts, than those that hinder the tranquillity thereof.

Let us leave the Count to seek divers diversions for his evil humour, & come we to see Genevieve in the thicket of the wood where we left her. As soon as the two servants had abandoned her, her first steps carried her upon the bank of the river, that passed by the Castle. It was there that she took the ring which Sifroy had put on her finger, when he departed for Huner, and then cast it into the current of the floods, promising she would not carry the mark of a virtue that had caused her so many misfortunes; and then, entering again into the Forrest, she sought some retreat, to defend her self from the rage of the beasts, and to dy in covert. As she was in this search, and that the very insensible creatures were afraid to succour her, she heard this voice which came out of the midst of the wood: Genevieve, fear not, I will have care of thee, and of thy son. Upon the assurance of this promise, she penetrated further into the Forrest,

rest, without perceiving any thing that might promise her consolation.

Two dayes passed away in these extremities without the least comfort to her grief, but the liberty to lament it. If her own sufferings were sensible unto her, those of her child were insupportable: and certainly I know no patience that could undergo so many evils, and be silent. The day seemed not to shine, but to shew her the horror of the place where she was; the night filled her spirit with shadows, as well as her eyes with darkness. Nothing represented it self to her imagination, that was not full of affright and terrour: the puffe of a Zephyre, the motion of a leaf, formed to her monsters more terrible than those of *Libya*. The care of her *Benoni* augmented much her fears, considering that he had already lain two nights at the foot of an oak having but the grass for bed, and a few boughs for defence: All the accidents that might arrive unto her, presented themselves to her thought, to produce the same effects, that grief could make there. That which touched most sensibly her soul, was to hear the third day this little creature, whose sighings demanded the succour of her breasts; but

but alas! they were dry, all what he could draw from thence was nothing but a little corrupted blood. It was but then that she permitted thus her grief to speak.

My God, my Saviour, canst thou suffer that this Innocent dye for want of having one drop of water, whilst the authors of his misery surfeit with blessings? where is that providence which makes thee to take care of the ravens and the worms? If thy word deceive us not, thou owest the same favour unto him, that thou dost to those animals, seeing his birth ~~is~~ no less considerable, nor his condition worse than theirs. Look upon pitiful Lord, look upon this Infant, his father hath acknowledged him no more, than the raven his young: behold him creeping upon the dust & take compassion of his evils, either to finish them or to allay them; wilt thou permit it to be said, that the general care of thy providence hath excepted this miserable from the infallible rule of thy mercies? permittest thou that the Innocents perish with hunger, whilst thy enemies abuse thy benefits & provoke thy Justice? it is in a manner the doing of evil, to do good to the wicked, & to hate virtue, to see it persecuted without pity. Where is it that my grief carries me? pardon my Saviour, pardon this blasphemy to my impatience: it is sufficient that thou wilt a thing to render it just, since it pleases

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Seth thee that he dye, I will it also. In saying this, she reposed her son on the earth, retiring her eyes from that subject of so many miseries; but as she had marched some paces into the wood, the sweet murmur of a brook assured her, that there was a spring near enough that place, which obliged her to take again her son to seek it out: having found it, she refreshed the mouth of the Infant, and retained his soul ready to quit his body for want of nourishment. Behold one of the effects of Gods providence; there must be also a retreat to these poor banished creatures; *Genevieve* found one near enough to the fountain, it was a den whose entrance was covered with a thick bush, where the mother and her son marked out their lodging for seven years. Yet it was necessary to have some nourishment; O goodness of Heaven! how sweet art thou, and how amorous are thy cares! whilst our poor Princess wearied her spirit with this thought, she heard a noise, as if some horseman had brushed behind the bushes, which made her afraid, until she saw appear a Hind, who without affright approached to her: her astonish-

ment increased much more when she saw that this beast looked upon the Infant with compassion, and coming near to the mother, fawned upon her, as if she would have said that God had sent her there to be her nurse. Whereupon perceiving that her Udder was full of Milk, she took her son, and cherishing the beast with her hand, put him to suck.

Oh! how necessary it is to have a good heart; you may believe that *Genevieve* received this benefit with resentments of joy, which wiped away all her passed sorrows. The contentment of this first favour increased much, when she knew by experience, that the Hind came twice a day, without receiving any other salary for her good offices but some handfuls of Grass, and the caresses of the Countess. I could say that sometimes she spake unto her, as if she had been endued with reason, and that she gave her testimonies of amity, as if she had been capable thereof.

Some one will be very glad to know why God ordinarily uses the service of Hinds to nourish his servants in the Desert: this curiosity is commendable, and it pleaseth me well to satisfy it: a mean

Lecture might have made this observation; and though we should have no other example, but that of *Saint Giles*, our question would have foundation enough. It is certain that God can derive our nourishment from whatsoever thing it shall please him, and that he who hath created four elements to this effect, can serve himself with the least of their pieces to furnish us with delicates. It is he that hath made honey to be sucked out of the stones, it is he that nourished all the people of *Israel* with dew, it is he that made three children to live in flames, as so many *Salamanders*; it is he that sent every day a raven to the great father of the Desert *Saint Paul*; it is he that can draw our life out of death it self and our nourishment from poyson, which is the most certain ruine thereof.

Notwithstanding his conduct is sweet, and taketh nothing of violence; it is therefore he accommodates himself to the power of second causes, and follows the inclinations thereof. Those who have written the secrets of nature, report that the Hind never brings forth, if the Heaven serve not for Midwife to the birth of her fruit by a puissant clap of thunder:

from whence we derive two or three fair knowledges: the first, that it is no wonder the Harts and Hinds are fearful beyond all other Animals, since it is fear only that puts them into the world: the second serves to the question which we propose, as a great personage hath observed. The difficulty which the Hind hath to produce her fruit, proceeds not but from its greatness, whence it happeneth, that the Fawn having followed his Dam very little time, forsakes her to go to pasture, leaving the sweetness of the Dug for that of liberty. The Hind having a abundance of milk, seeks to discharge her self thereof, even so far that they say, she oftentimes suffers her self to be sucked by the animals of another kind, to the end to ease her. God who hath given her this inclination for her interest, makes use thereof sometimes for our necessity, thrusting her forward by a secret instinct to be prodigal to us of a good which would be dammageable unto her.

This was the only assistance which our little Innocent drew from the creatures, during the space of seven years: for the Countess, the earth furnished her with herbs and roots. He that will con-

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sider that *Genevieve* was a Princess brought up among the delights of a Court, shall have no pain to imagine her troubles. Was it not a spectacle worthy of compassion, to see the wife of a Palatine in the want even of those things of which the most extream necessities have no need? to see her Palace changed into a frightfull solitude, her chambers into a fearful den, her Courtiers into wild beasts, her musick into the howling of wolves, her delicate meats into most bitter roots, her repose into inquietude, and her joyes into tears: surely he must not be of flesh that can be insensible of so many misfortunes, and if her vertue could have changed a man even to this degree, her countenance would yet have found tears amongst so many evils, seeing the rocks themselves seemed not to sweat, but with her sufferings. Oh, who ever could have heard all the regrets which she made to the ecchoes of this wood, would have said, that all the trees complained thereof, that the winds murmured thereat with despigh, and that all the birds had forgotten their Genius, to learn to sigh her miserie.

If the evils of the poor Countess cou-

ched sensibly her heart; it cannot be spoke what torments those of her son caused her; particularly when his Tongue came to be unglied in the first plaints of his grief, and that this little innocent began to feel: hee was unfortunate. This pitiful mother locked him sometimes in her bosome to warm his little members all cold as Ice, and then as she perceived the tremblings of *Benoni*, pity pressed her heart so strongly with grief, that she drew from thence a thousand sobs and from her eyes infinite tears. Oh my dear son, (said this lamenting mother) oh my poore son, my dear child; how soon beginnest thou to be miserable! To see the child, one would have said that it had the use of reason, for at her sorrowful words he put forth a cry so piercing, that the heart of *Genevieve* remained sensibly wounded therewith; one cannot say how many times grief and cold made her to sound.

My Reader, I conjure thee before we pursue further the miseries of our deplorable Princess, to cast a little thy eyes through the world, to observe the diversity thereof: Thou shalt see there an infinite number of women much meaner in

in-

innocence and quality, who shine in gold and silk, whilst *Genevieve* is pierced with cold, covered only with the shame of her nakedness: Thou shalt see there vice honoured, virtue despised, impurity in credit, subtlety praised, vanity esteemed, whilst a poore Lady suffers in the nook of a Wood, for desiring to be innocent, and to keep her faith to a person to whom heaven had engaged her. O God, how true is it that thy providence walketh in the depth, which it becometh not our spirit to sound, and that thy counsels are precipices to all those who will search the profundity thereof: Let us go no further to observe this truth than into the house of *Sifroy*, though it be two years since we came thence. Whilst *Genevieve* weeps, let us withdraw us a little from her misery, and enter into her husbands Castle: We shall see that there is not a servant, who is not content, not a lacquey that is not at his ease, not a dog that hath not bread. The Summer hath its pleasures, the Winter hath its past-times. The chase, Visits, play and feasts, banish sorrow from this house. *Golo* added all the artifices that he could to the medicine of time, to cure the spirit of his

Master. It is true, that he could not wholly take away the image of *Genevieve's* virtues, from the soul of *Sifroy*; her modesty, her honesty, her pitty, her constancy, her address, her prudence, her love, were so many pleasing phantasmes, which reproached him night and day for his credulity: This poor man believed to have continually her shadow by his side; and though his evil Intendant knew to remove subtilly those thoughts full of disquiets, notwithstanding, they made alwayes some impression in his spirit.

Behold an accident that ruined almost the whole fortune of *Golo*, and discovered the reflection of his malice; three years after the return of the Count, and three ages of his wives misery: As one day *Sifroy* looked over some papers in his Cabinet, he lighted upon the note which the Countess had conveyed therein: Who can describe the regrets, and sorrows that this bit of paper caused unto him? his mouth uttered a thousand curses against *Golo*, his tears watered the writing, he beat his breast, he tore his beard and hair; all that which grief could command a man, the Palatine did; and surely, he should have had a Tygers heart to read this

this Letter without regret : Innocence conceived it, and grief dictated it.

Adieu Sifroy, I am going to die, since you command it. I never found anything impossible in my obedience, though I find some injustice in your commandment. I will, notwithstanding, believe that you contribute nothing to my ruine, but the consent that you give thereunto. I can also protest to you that all the cause I have given thereof is only the resistance that I have made to remain wholly unto him, who ought not to divide me with any other. I pass willingly from a miserable life, to a condition that may be worse, upon the confidence I have that my innocence shall be one day out of suspicion, into which calumny hath cast it. All the regret that I carry with me, is to have brought an Infant into the world, which must be the victim of cruelty, and the innocent cause of my misfortune. Notwithstanding I will not let this resentment hinder me to wish you a perfect felicity, and to him who is the author of my disaster, a better fortune than that which he procureth me. Adieu, it is your unfortunate, but innocent Genevieva.

The Intendant who was upon the watch, judged that it was fit to let this storm break away, and that prudence ought to withdraw him for a time from
Sifroy

Sifroy, when he believed that his choller was moderated, he saw the Count again, who failed not to give him sharp reproaches, upon the evil judgement into which his malice had precipitated him, But Golo wanted no cunning to deceive his master, and to draw the thorn out of his heart.

What Sir, (said this perfidious man to him) do you repent to have taken away life from her, who hath taken away your honour? or do you doubt not to have done it justly? if that be it, your displeasure is reasonable, but what cause have you to believe it? were not your eyes witnesses of your misfortune? your domesticks knew too well how equitable your action is, to find it evil: all humane policy allows you that which you have done. Will you be wiser than the Laws, & condemn that which reason approves, perhaps this Letter hath perswaded you of her innocence; truly behold a pleasant justification: & where shall we find crimes, if one be quitted thereof for denying them? who shall be culpable, if it be sufficient to say that one is innocent? how wicked soever a woman be, if one will hear her, she is always without sin. Had it pleased God, Sir, that she who had the honour to belong unto you, had had less malice or more prudence in dissembling,

bling, whereby to give us some cause to interpret well of her fidelity, I had been the first to believe the proofs of her Innocence, as I have been the last to receive the suspicions of her infamy. But since to the loss of her honour she hath added the contempt not to fear any body, you should remain content in having revenged the publick interests of virtue, in punishing a particular offence.

These discourses accompanied with a feigned affection, conveyed softly an insensibility into the spirit of the Palatine, insomuch that all these remorses were not but as birds of passage, who gave a blow with the beak privily, and then retired, were it through the reasons of Golo, or by the charms, and sorceries of which he was master enough. Whilst I amuse me in the Palace of Sifroy, we leave our innocent malefactor, in the company of the hind, and of her Benoni. Let us return if you please unto her grot. I advertise you notwithstanding that you should no more consider this desert as the retreat of serpents, or the repair of bears, but as a school of virtue, a race of penitence, and a temple of sanctity.

After that our Countess had suffered in this sharp solitude three whole years of

of Winter (for the Sun here never made a Summer) the evils rendered themselves so familiar, that she was no more afraid of them, and her patience perfected it self, even to this point, to look upon sufferings as upon delights. Custom renders all things easie, that which seems in the beginning full of affright, becomes gentle in the end. Poyson kills, and yet there hath been known a great King that nourished himself therewith. Seems it not likely to you that our *Genevieve* should dye with impatience amongst her regrets, and drown her self in her tears? and yet see that every day gathering them up in her hands, she offers them to God in a sacrifice, so acceptable to his divine goodness, that he recompenses her as much for those Icie sighs, as if she had burned him all the incense of *Arabia*.

The first favour that she received from heaven, after three years of noviciate, was on a day as she was on her knees in the midst of her little Cottage, her eyes turned unto heaven, the admiration wherof serv'd as the ordinary subject to her thoughts; while her spirit lost it self happily in the immensity of these fair works, she perceived a young man glittering with

with light, who cleft the air to render himself at her den. If *Genevieve* had been an Idolatress, she might have believed that it was the Moon that descended into this wood, to be the *Diana* thereof, or rather the Sun who had taken himself from heaven to visit a place which had never been enlightened. Her spirit had too much light to fall into so gross an error: she took this beauty rather for one of the Intelligences of heaven, than for one of its Stars, though he were encompassed with rayes: in which certainly her belief deceived her not, for it was her Guardian Angel, who came, as sent from God into this Den. It is no easie thing to depaint a spirit, seeing it hath nothing whereupon our senses can fix themselves; notwithstanding as we may mark out the Sun with a coal, so may we paint the Angels under the exterior forms which render them visible unto us. He of whom we speak, had a visage where beauty and modesty mingled themselves together with a Majesty so divine, that he might have made himself to be adored of a person that had not known him a servant of God. Besides the rayes that spread themselves round about him, his body was

was covered with a blew vail, a colour which denoted the place from whence he came. He held in his right hand a precious cross, in which the Saviour of the world was, so naturally represented in a shining Ivory, as it was easie to see that men had not laboured this work. His hair hung negligently upon his shoulders, which certain drops marked as it were with blood; his eyes seemed to swim in death, and his mouth complained with the excess of his martyrdom. His members were so delicately polished, that one might see all the veins and nerves of his body raise themselves up to the top of the skin.

When our Countesse was come againe from the admiration of so many wonders, the Angel presenting her this Cross said unto her: *Genevieve, I am here on the behalf of God to bring you this Cross, which must serve for object to all your thoughts, and for remedy to all your evils. If the bitterness of sufferings seems insupportable unto you, mingle this blood among it, and you shall find sweetness in your afflictions. If any thought of despair assault your spirit, retire into these wounds, where all the doves of heaven have their refuge, and I promise you repose. In a word,*

word, Genevieve, this here is the buckler which will make all the blows of adversity fall at your feet: it is the key that will open heaven to your patience, receive this favour with the acknowledgement that it merits. As Genevieve bowed her self, she received the Cross to grave therein all her victories, after the example of that great Captain, whose signal victories were not otherwise recompenced by *Justinian*, than with blindness: behold a prodigy most miraculous, this Crucifix followed our penitent every where: If any necessity called her forth, it accompanied her, if she sought for roots to sustain her, it was in her company, being in her poor retrait, it never departed from her side: This miracle dur'd some moneths, until it fixed it self in a corner of the grot, where there was a little Altar cut in the Rock, and which our Saint adorned with flowers and boughes: as soon as displeasure assailed her poor heart, the Saviour stretched forth his arms unto her, and opened her his bosome to pour thereinto her resentments: It was easie to discover her thoughts unto him, who could not be ignorant of them, and to lay all her sorrows at the feet of him, who could be the Physician thereof.

It

It is an error to seek for an indolence in virtue; those that would teach it with words, have destroyed it by their actions; the patience of the Stoicks, was not only unable to support evils without regret, but it came not so far as to this point, to look upon them without changing colour: The virtue of Christians goeth further than all the Theology of the Pagans; it's sweetness notwithstanding imposeth not such Barbarous law as insensibility: that great man, whose spirit was nothing but patience, as his body was nought but grief, retained alwayes his affections in an equal resignation; he permitted notwithstanding his tongue to complain of his miseries, and to say that his members were not of brass: God himself in the cruelties of death, would that his plaints should be a proof of that which he was, for fear the opinion of his insensibility might take away the belief of the least of his natures. Let us imitate his example in his submission, as well as in his complaints, our tears and our sighs shall not hinder our patience to be a virtue. O how *Genevieve* conformed her self perfectly to this example, her constancy was a marble inflexible, but this

this marble yielded tears, and witnessed by her sighs, that it was not a statue that suffered; she accorded all just complaints to her grief, but her grief never gave any thing to impatience; in a word, she accused no less sweetly her evils than a Lute, which men touch only, because her sighs are agreeable unto them: One day as the Image of all her miseries represented it self to her fancy, making of her eyes two fountains of tears, she cast her self at the feet of her Cross, and said amourously unto it.

How long, my God, how long wilt thou suffer that virtue be so cruelly treated? Is not five years of miseries sufficient, to be content with my patience? though I should have overthrown thy altars, and burned thy temples, my tears would have quenched thy choller, if it were not that my sighs would kindle it the more. I made myself believe that my sorrows should last no longer than my joys, and that the end of afflicting me should be that of not being able to suffer more. I know well now that thou givest me formerly delights, but to make me taste my bitternesses with more displeasure, and to render them more sharp by the remembrance of my prosperity: Is it not time to make appear, that thou art the protector of innocence, as well

as the revenger of crimes? It is five years that I have endured a martyrdom, which ceases not to be extremely cruel, for being extremely slow; nothing in the world hath comforted my grief, all the creatures seem to be my engaged enemies, to the end to increase my afflictions: A good discourse can charm a grief, but behold I have almost forgotten the use of speech in being separate from all other conversation than that of the beasts: the night bides with her shadows the half of our evils, & sleep dares not approach mine eyes, fearing to draw in self there, or at least to meet there inquietudes: It seems that my misery is contagious, so much every thing fears to approach it; hunger, cold, nakedness, make the least part of my evils; the misfortune of this little innocent is more insupportable unto me than all that: Oh, Lord! if thou wouldst afflict the mother for some fault, which to her is unknown, why wouldst thou not take unto thee the protection of the child, since thou knowest that he is as little culpable of my sin as capable to bear the punishment thereof? Pardon me my God, if grief snatches these plaints from my mouth, I have believed, since I know not the cause of so many evils, that I might find the ease thereof from that mercy, which rejects no body.

In pronouncing these sorrowful words, she bathed her Crucifix with the torrent

rent of her tears, which spake much more than her tongue. The little Benoni mingling his tears with his mothers, they brake forth into groans so pitiful, that the rocks were not hard enough not to be touched therewith: At last the poor Genevieve continuing her regrets, and embracing amourosly her Cross, said unto it, My God, alas my God, what have I done unto thee, that thou treatest me with so much rigour? Miracle! Whilst the Countess spake, she heard the image of our good Saviour, which replied to her.

And what, my daughter, what cause have you to complain? You demand, what crime hath brought you hither: and tell me, what sin hath nailed me to the Cross? Are you more innocent than I, or your evils, are they greater than mine have been? You are without crime, and am I culpable? You never thought of the infamy with which they have sullied your reputation, am I perhaps a seducer, and Magician, as they reproached me? You receive no consolation from the creatures; is it not enough from that of the Creator? No body hath compassion of your evils, who hath had any of mine? The very insensible things have horror of your affliction, and the Sun, refused he not so much as to look upon mine? Thy Son encreases thy sor-

rows, believest thou that my mother lessened my torments? Comfort thee my daughter, and leave me the care of thy affairs; think sometimes that he who hath made all the good things of the world, hath suffered all the evil; if thou comparest thy cup to mine, thou wilt drink it with pleasure, and wilt thank me for the favor that I do thee to make thee live in dolours, to die in the joyes of a life laden with the merits of patience.

It would be a superfluous thing to tell you the confusion that this little reproach put into the spirit of our Saint, but I think it will be profitable to tell you, that this discourse gave her so much courage, and resolution, that all the thorns seemed unto her but roses; her bitterness but sweetness; her torments but pleasing delights: this also was the design of God to animate her unto patience, and not to thrust her into despair by this reproach. From this time forward *Genevieve* asked not but griefs from God, and God gave not but sweets to *Genevieve*. To witness to her that her virtue was not unknown unto him, and that her Innocence was very near unto that which the first man possessed in the delights of Paradise, God wholly submitted

mitted unto her the rage of the savage beasts, and the liberty of the birds. It was an ordinary thing from her first entrance into the Forrest, that the Hind came to give suck to the child, and to ly every night in the Cave, with the mother and the Son, to the end to warm their Icic members: but since this last favour, the Foxes, the Hares, and the Wolves came to play with the little *Benoni*. The birds strived together which should leave himself to be taken first. The Cave of *Genevieve* was a place, where the Bears had no rage, nor the Stagges fear: on the contrary one would have said that our holy Princess had changed their nature, through the compassion of her evils, and given some sense of reason to the beasts to understand her necessities.

One day putting on an old garment on her son in the presence of a Wolf, this beast departed presently from the den, and went to choak a sheep, whose skin he brought to *Genevieve*, as if he had had the judgement to discern what was proper to warm the body of her child. The Saint received this present, but yet after having sharply rebuked him for doing evil to another, to do good to her.

Would you not say, my dear Reader, that the Court of Sissoy was full of Wolves, and furious beasts, and the Grot of Genevieve of well mannered Courtiers: all the difference was, that in his, the men had the cruelty of ravenous Wolves, and in hers the beasts had the courtesies and civilities of men; compare the felicity of the one to the other, and you shall find therein the same difference that is between the pleasure of angels and that of devils. It is true, that the earth produced not there any of her contentments; but the Heavens had regard enough of it, making a thousand blessings to slide into this holy Cave. Nature contributed nothing to the good fortune of this desert, but Grace rendered even the Animals ministers thereof. I have so many things to say upon this subject, that the fear to offend any one hindereth the will I have to speak of them all. I pass in silence those felicities, the image whereof I cannot produce more perfectly, than in that of the Garden where he lost his innocence, whom God had made a little less than the angels. Only I can say that *Genevieve* found in the obedience of the beasts all the service which she could have expected

And in her husbands house. Behold a passage which I cannot omit, being full of instruction. There was near unto this retreat a very fair fountain, which furnished to our two solitary creatures more than half of their life: I know not whether the Countess had ever beheld her self in the cryshall of her floods, as she one time cast down her eyes there, either of purpose, or by accident, and perceived the wrinkles of her front, she could scarce know her self, the remembrance of what she had been taking away the belief of being what she appeared.

Is this Genevieva? (said she) *no without doubt, it is some other. Alas, could it be possible that these languishing and dejected eyes, should sometime have caused so many flames? this front cut with a thousand wrinkles, and which resembles a rude bark, tells me that it is not that which made the Ivory ashamed: these decayed cheeks are nothing like unto those, that were made of Roses, and of Lillies. Where dost my error carry me? alas I feel too well that the evils which I suffer have no other subject but the deplorable Genevieva. O cruel doctors! truly it may well be said that you are barbarous, seeing you have made so strange a Metamorphosis. Answer me unpitiful evils,*

where have you laid the snow of my complexion? perhaps you have melted it, to distill it into tears: but having already wept so much, must I have more evils yet to lament? Genevieve, poor Genevieve, thou art no more but the Image of that which thou hast been, & a vain shadow of thy self. Oh poor Genevieve, poor Genevieve!

Whilst the Countess complained thus, and endeavour'd to know her self in the Fountain, she saw there a divinity resembling those Nymphs, which according to the discourse of Poets, inhabit the waters. Her spirit was presently ravished with admiration of so much Majesty: her desire carried her to cast her self at the feet of this Goddess, as at the Altar of mercy, where her afflictions might be changed into felicities. Respect restrained her desire. Floating thus between fear and confidence, she heard a voice aside her, though she believed it to proceed from that mouth which appeared in the water: she turned her self and saw the Queen of the Angels, her good Advocate, who said unto her.

Truly, my daughter, you have much reason to complain you of a loss which is extremely desirable, as being extremely advantageous.

You

You are no more fair, ha Genevieve! if you had never been so, you would yet be happy: it is the only quality that hath rendered you criminal; and though that should not be, ought you to lament the loss of a good which you ought not to desire? you have lost a thing which hath lost the half of the world, planting Idolatry, and thrusting men into the liberty of all vices. Oh if you knew how acceptable your blackness renders you to my son, you would abhor to have been formerly of another colour: come again to your self my daughter, and complain no more of your miseries, since it is of those thorns that you may compose the Crown of your glory, and of your tears, that you may make the torrent of your eternal felicities.

Scarce had the Queen of heaven ended her Remonstrance, but a cloud more pure, and more shining than silver took her away from the eyes of the Saint, who remained full of joy and of confusion: of joy, for having seen her, who shall make a part of our senses beatitude in heaven; of confusion, for having made reckoning of her passed beauty. Notwithstanding this visit filled her spirit with courage, and with a new resolution unto patience, saying very often unto God.

*And well, my amiable Spouse, thou wilt
that*

what Genevieve suffer even to the end, I am
 content therewith: I pretend to remain as
 faithful to thy divine will in the anguishes of
 my grief, as in the prosperities of my good for-
 tune: Thou wouldst teach me that there is
 nothing to be loved in the world but thy good-
 ness; I cherish nothing then but thee, my God,
 rendering infinite thanks to thy conduct for ha-
 ving steeped me all the creatures in gall, to
 wean me from their love, & to reduce me into
 thine. Alas! where shouldst thou be, my poor
 heart, if God had not hindered thee to obey thine
 own inclinations? without doubt vanity would
 possess thee now. O what just cause have I to
 thank thee, for doing me so much good, by the
 loss of so small a matter: what can I hope for
 in my husbands house, but a voluntary slavery,
 an honest servitude, chains, which though of
 gold, cease not to be grievous and insupportable;
 and then what contentment should I expect, to
 see in a palace things in picture, which nature
 presents me here in their native and natural
 beauty? Do I not see heaven discovered with
 all its Stars, which are so many eyes opened to
 lighten my patience? doth not every creature
 serve me for a mirror, wherein I perceive some
 image of my God, there being not one that speaks
 not to me of him? These little silver floods that
 precipitate themselves even into the bosome of
 the

the Sea, say they not unto me with their murmure: Genevieve, see how thou shouldst fly into the bosome of God. These Birds, do they not teach me to praise him from the morning even to the evening? Well, what can I hope more? honours which are vain, greatness which is dangerous, acquaintance which is prejudicial, amities which are feigned, pleasures which are filthy, delights which are fatal. Ha my God! how much I acknowledge now the sweetness of thy providence, thy holy name be blessed for saving a poor creature, who had never followed thy attractions, if they had not been charming; thy admonitions, if they had not been necessary; nor thy motions, if they had not been violent. I am infinitely indebted unto thee, for doing me this favour: notwithstanding my obligation appears unto me yet greater, if I consider that thou hast constrained me to be happy against my will, framing to me in my solitude an image of Paradise, where all felicities are necessary.

Whilost our Saint lost her self in the pure and innocent joyes of virtue, Sifroy had neither repose, nor contentment amongst the joyes of his house: the night presented him nothing but black shadows, and sad phantasmes: The day cleared not but to make him observe the absence of Genevieve; his spirit rouled continually

tinually sullen and melancholly thoughts; oftentimes he was seen to wander upon the brink of the river, observing in the inconstancy of the floods, the agitation of his spirit; and then as if this humour had rendered him savage, he rid himself of his servants to give more liberty to his fighes in the horror of a wood, being angry with his own shadow, if the obscurity obliged it to follow him: Who can figure to himself the despaire and fury, whereinto he entered, when his memory said unto him: *Thou hast killed Genevieva, thou hast massacred thy son, thou hast taken away thy poor servants life, whose pale shadows pursue thee incessantly.* Genevieva, where are you, where are you, my dear girl, where are you? It was to be believed, that if he had had *Golo* in this humour, he had brought back the custom of sacrificing to ghosts: but this perfidious man feigned very fitly a journey, when he perceived the temper of his master changed; if his misfortune had staid him in the Palatines house, there had been an end of his life, principally after the horrible, and fearful vision of *Drogan*. I will not say, that it was an illusion of his sick spirit, for I know that God permits sometimes souls

to come again for the good of some persons : Examples make sufficient proofs of this truth, which is passed even unto hell ; since that the rich man in the Gospel, who was alwayes cloathed with the colour of fire, demanded of the father of the faithful, to return unto the world, to avert his brother from the punishments of the other life.

One night as the Palatine was laid to sleep, he heard about midnight some one that walked with great paces into his chamber : forthwith he drew the curtains of his bed, and having perceived nothing at the glimmering of a little light that remained in the Chimney, he indeavoured to sleep : but a quarter of an hour after, the same noise began again , insomuch that he perceived in the midst of his Chamber a great man , pale and gaffly, who trained after him a great bundle of chains, with which he seemed to be tyed : this horrible vision, appearing in the obscurities of the night, was capable to overthrow the spirits of a man, less hardy than *Sifroy* ; but being couragious and assured, he asked him what he would have, without witnessing much fear, thinking it unworthy of him to tremble for shadows,

dows, who had not apprehended death it self; Yet could he not forbid a cold sweat, which diffused it self through all his body; especially, when he saw that this spirit made him signs to come to him; which he did notwithstanding, following him a-thwart a low Court, and from thence into a little garden, where he no sooner was, but it vanished away, leaving the Count more astonished with his flight, than if he had continued him yet a company so little delightful. The Moon aided much his fear, for having shewed him until then where he was, she withdrew all her light, leaving him to seek amidst the darkness the door of his Chamber. Being laid again in his bed, he began to imagine that he had this great man all of Ice at his sides, who pressed him between his arms, this made him call his servants, who found him more pale than a dead man; he dissembled notwithstanding his fear until the morning. Scarce began the day to break, but he commanded his servants to open the Earth at the place where the spirit vanished: they had not digged above two foot deep, but they met with the bones of a dead man loaden with irons and chains. There was a
servant

servant who told the Count, that Monsieur the Intendant had caused the body of the unfortunate *Dragan* to be cast into this very place where they had found this carcass. *Sifroy* ordained that they should cause him to be interred, and that Masses should be said for his repose. Since this time there was no more noise heard in the Castle; but the spirit of the *Palatine* served him for vision, giving him all the horrible imaginations that men provoked with fury can figure to themselves.

It was then that he acknowledged his frights and his fears were the effects of his crime. Nothing could divert him from his black and deep imaginations: he had continually before his eyes the Images of those three Innocents whom he believed to have destroyed. These words were often heard to proceed from his mouth: O *Genevieve* thou tormentest me! His friends indeavoured to draw him from this melancholly, but the hand of God pursued him in every place, and the image of his crime never abandoned him. The devils carry their hell wheresoever they go: and a wicked person trains alwayes his executioner with

with him. *Sifroy* had sinned through a sudden precipitation, and God clean contrary in his proceedings would punish him with a slow and lingering pain, to the end to make him feel how dangerous it was not to take counsel of reason, upon the accidents that arrive unto us.

Whilst we amuse us in the horrors of the Count, we lose the good discourse of *Genevieve*. It was well forward in the seventh year of her solitude, that the little *Benoni*, began to have with the sense of his miseries, the full and perfect use of reason. His mother forgot nothing of all that which might serve to his instruction, having not the means no more than the desire to leave him the goods of fortune, she would not leave him unprovided of those with which poverty can make it self rich: all her care was to teach him to know God, the love and reverence which we owe unto him, and that he was not like unto those beasts that played with him, forasmuch as he had a soul which should never dye, and that these animals lived not but for a time. Morning and evening before he reposed himself, she made him kneel down

down before the Cross, and she never permitted him to suck his Hind before he had prayed to God. This little Infant shewed so much inclination unto good, that his Mother was transported with joy thereof. He made her thousand petty questions, which shewed enough the sweetness of his nature, and the goodness of his wit. This made sometimes the poor mother to weep, considering that her son deserved well to be brought up in another School than amongst the brasts. She never granted *Benoni* to tell him the cause of her tears; but disssembling with prudence, she believed that she ought not to increase his evils in discovering the author thereof.

I cannot forget a discourse which added almost to the plaints of *Genevieve*, the loss of her life. One day as this child played in his mothers bosome, and flattered her amourosly with his little hand, he demanded her, my Mother, you command me often to say, *Our Father which art in Heaven*, tell me who is my Father? Oh little Innocent, what do you? this demand is capable to kill your poor mother: indeed *Genevieve* was upon the point to sownd at these words, notwithstanding,

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withstanding, hugging this dear child in her bosome, and casting her arms about his neck, she said unto him: My child, your father is God, have I not told it you already? look upon that fair Palace, behold his house, the heaven is the place where he dwelleth: but my Mother doth he know me well? Oh my son, replied Genevieve, he can do no otherwise, he knows you, and he loves you: how comes it then (answered Benoni) that he doth me no good, and that he permits all the evils that we suffer? My son it is to deceive our selves to believe that goods are the proof of his love, far be it from us to have such a thought; the necessities which we endure denote a fathers heart on our behalf, seeing that riches are no other thing, but the means to destroy us, with which God punisheth sometimes the wicked, reserving his blessing for his friends in the other world. The little Benoni heard all this discourse with much attention, but when he heard her make the difference of the good and the bad, and of another world, he could not chuse but thus interrupt Genevieve. And what hath my father other children besides me? and where is that other world? my son, answered the holy Countesse, God is a great and rich Father, who hath many chil-

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den, yet is he not less powerful for all that, forasmuch as he hath infinite treasures to give them. Although you never were out of this wood, you must know that there are Towns and Provinces, which are full of men and women, whereof some follow virtue, and others leave themselves to go after vice. Those who respect him as true children, shall go one day to heaven, to enjoy there with him a thousand contentments: on the contrary those that offend him shall be punished in hell, which is a great place under earth full of fire and of torments. Chuse now which you will be; we have reason to be of the first, for those who are miserable as we, provided they be so willingly, and because that God will have it so, are assured to go into Paradise, which is that I called the other world. Benoni could not hold from asking her when they should go into this Paradise. It shall be after our death, replied the mother.

This poor Innocent was very far from comprehending all that which his Mother had said unto him, if the goodness of God had not serv'd him for Matter, enlightning inwardly his little soul, and laying naked to him these fair knowledges, which we learn not but with a long study, and much labour. He had never

seen any, and yet he comprehended presently what these Towns and Provinces were, as perfectly as if he had travelled all the world: if he had heard some philosophy upon the immortality of the soul, he could not better have comprehended its essence, and its qualities; he had even some knowledges of which his age was not capable. Experience had never taught him what death was, but it wanted not much, that he had not a sorrowful example thereof in the person of his mother some few dayes after: the long troubles, the ordinary griefs, and the want of all things had consumed a body, which could not be but delicate, as having been nourished in the delights of a Court. She had sustained six whole Winters, and as many Summers, in so much, as scarce could she know her self. To see *Genevieve* and a Skeleton, was as the same thing; the roots whereon she fed, had composed her body all of earth. Judge if a little sickness accompanied with all these incommodities could not ruine a body, which having been worn out by extreme dolours, extenuated by insupportable austerities, and grown with a thousand boyling cares, had need

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of more than a puffle to overthrow it. And yet behold a violent feaver, which laid hold on that little blood which rested in her vines, and enflamed it with so burning a heat, that the poor *Genevieve* expected nothing but death. *Benoni* seeing the languishing eyes of his mother, her colour extreamly defaced, betook himself so strongly to his cries that he might well be heard of that soul which was fled already, and besides he shed so many tears, that it was to be feared that so much might well extinguish that little heat which remained to him. At last *Genevieve* returned from a long sownd, fixed for some time her eyes upon the amiable subject of her griefs, and after having told him that he was the son of a great Lord, and all that she had concealed from him until then, she added.

My son, behold the happy day that comes to put end to my pains. I have no cause to complain of death, having no reason to desire life. I am going to leave the world without regret, as I have lived therein without desire. If I were capable of any displeasure, it would be to leave you without remedy, and without support in the sufferance of those evils which you have not merited. Not to lye for the matter, this con-

consideration would touch sensibly my heart, if I had not one more high, which constrains me to Put my interests & yours into the hand of him who is the good father of orphans, & the powerfull support of the innocent. It is to him that I leave the care of your Infancy, it is from him that you ought to expect your assistance; cast your self amorously into his arms, and put all your confidence in his goodness. I will not have you retain any thoughts of a poor mother, who hath not brought you into the world, but to suffer all the evils thereof; yet if you desire to render something to my cares, behold what I demand of you for an acknowledgement: I conjure you, my dear son, to bury with my body the resentments of my injuries, since there is none but God alone that knows their greatness, there is none but he that can ordain them their punishments. The punishment of an injustice is never just, when we our selves are the authors of the revenge, and the subject of the offence. And then my dear Benoni, the injury that they have done me is of a strange nature, seeing you cannot be pious without offending piety, nor revenge your mother, but by the outrage of your own father. In this case it would be to wash your hands with blood, to make them clean, and to make your selfwounds to heal your self. I know that it is hard to suffer evil without

complaining of it, this also is not that I desire of you, be sensible of your evils, nature wills it, but resent them not seeing that vertue forbids it; have more regard to the good will of God, which permits our afflictions, than to their evil will who procure them us. If nature invite you to the desire of revenge, grace will remove you from it; if humane reason commands it, divine forbids it; if impatience perswades it, sweetness abhorres it: if the example of men carries you thereunto, that of God should draw you from thence. We ought rather to obey the judgement in this than the will, and to bear reason than to hearken to our senses. I hope that the mercy of God will do us justice, and that it will give all the world to understand that you are son of a mother very little guilty to be in so ill esteem, & too innocent to be so unjustly afflicted. Moreover my son, after having laid this body in earth do that which God shall inspire you, if he will that you return to your father, make no difficulty thereat; you have those qualities which will make you acknowledged; the resemblance of your visage to his, will not permit him to disclaim you if he remembers yet what he is: as for me, from whom you cannot expect other good but my desires and benedictions, I give them you as abundantly as heaven can distribute them unto you.

In saying this, she put her *Benoni* on his knees, moistening his little visage with the rest of her tears. Represent to your selves, the pity of this spectacle: the poor *Genevieve* attended the end of her miseries, and *Benoni* the beginning of his dolours. Death seeing them in this posture advanced himself to give the last stroke of his rage. Stay cruell, it is not time yet to cut off so precious a life, attend to give her her death, till the justice of God hath rendered her her honour. What spoils canst thou hope from so miserable a creature? her body hath no more flesh to nourish thy worms; thou wilt gnaw her bones, grief hath done that already: thou pretend'st perhaps to encrease the number of thy phantasmes and of thy shadows, let her live, it is no more any other thing. Whilst that our Countess expected death, two Angels more fair than the sun entred into her Grott, who filled it with odour and light. Being approached to her little bed of boughs, he who was tutelar of the sick, said unto her in touching her; *Live Genevieve, God will have it so*: then opening her dying liddes, she perceived these Angels, who gave her not time to be considered, leaving

leaving her with health, the astonishment of this miraculous cure. God doth nothing which hath not its last perfection contrary unto men, who travel by little and little, and who drive away a disease by remedies, which are sometime violent evils. The great Physician of heaven gives a full and perfect health by the sole command which he gives the sickness to retire, his medicines are without disgust, and his cures without weaknesses: so soon as the Angels departed from the cave of *Genevieve*, she departed from her poor bed as strong as she was before this last sickness. To see her rise, one would have said it was a resurrection that was made, and not a cure. The child wept for joy to see his mother revive, and *Genevieve* sighed with sadness, to see herself driven back again from the port into the tempest.

Afflict you no more, Genevieve, God contents himself with your sufferings, he doubts no more of a fidelity, which he hath known by so long a patience. Your evils are finished, your crown is achieved, the fire of your glory hath been long enough buried in the bottome of the pit of calumny, it is time that it break forth, and make appear the fair and innocent rays of its light.

light. It was near upon seven years that *Sifroy* & *Genevieve* suffered, the one in the horrors of a crime which he had not committed but through ignorance, & the other in the miseries which she endured not but by injustice. God willing to make appear the innocence of the one, and the error of the other permitted that that wicked Sorceress, with whom he had seen the imaginary sin of his wife, was taken, accused and convicted of heinous crimes, which she could not deny, though they were false for the most part. Being upon the point to expiate her offences by the flames, and already tyed to the infamous stake of punishment, she demanded permission of the Justice to say some last words, which was granted her. After the confession of some crimes, she declared that of all the evils which she had ever committed, that of rendring an innocent person guilty, pressed her most. The Ministers of Justice laid hold of these words, and commanded her to express her self on this last point, which she did, avouching that the *Palatine Sifroy* had put his wife to death upon a suspicion which the illusions of her Magick had given him. The Sorceress dyed upon

on this protestation, which was presently reported to the Count, who was no less sorrowful for this news, than comforted to see that though he had lost his wife without recovery, she was at last dead without reproach.

Who can describe the rage that seized his spirit, the menaces of his choller against Golo, and the sweet complaints that he made unto his wife and his son: oh cruel Hangman! was it not enough to ruin my House without hazarding the Honour thereof? If thou hadst malice to massacre the Innocent, why foundst thou not means more honest to thy cruelty? if thou hadst not been as impudent as unjust in thy calumny, wouldst thou not think to have done sufficient? Oh that thou hast not a hundred lives to expiate the horror of this crime, perfidious traitor, thou shouldst lose one of them in the flames, another under the sword, a third between the teeth of my dogs, and all in as many kind of deaths, as thy malice hath had diverse artifices in her calumnies: but you are still dead, deplorable victims, thou art dead, my dear Genevieve, thou art dead innocent Lamb, which I have as soon made to die as to live: Your blood cries vengeance unto heaven against me, and marks upon my front the shame of villany. O shall I
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beg your pardon of a fault, which my credulity onely hath committed? And why should I not hope this favour from your mercy, seeing that you are as good as innocent? if an extream sin can revenge it self by an extream punishment; Ob I promise you to expiate mine, and to wash my hands in the barbarous blood of him, who is the cause thereof.

It would be an infinite thing to tell you all those maledictions which his choler made him pronounce against Golo; yet considering that we should not cry after the Birds which we would take, he made his passion to be governed by his judgement, and dissembled his discontent for fear to vent his designe. Golo had retired himself to his house these two years, and came to see the Palatine onely when civility constrained him to this duty. What doth Sifroy? he takes good order, that he escape him not, he prayes him by letter to come to aide him at a solemn hunting. The design thereof was true, but he declared not to him that he was the beast which he would there take. Behold him then in the Palatines house, and from thence in the same Tower, where he had held so long time his innocent mistress: Say now that God is not just, say that he sleeps,

leeps, and that his providence leaves virtue to suffer, and vice to triumph. *Golo* sighed with fear, and *Genevieve* sighed with love, he lost himself in the horrors of his punishment, whilst she lost her self in the sweet extasies of her solitude. This is nothing yet, you shall see presently that God serves himself with the malice of the wicked, as we use Serpents and Vipers, from whom we seek their venome, and after crush their heads. The Palatine having thus given the conduct of the punishment which he meditated, to his discretion, took up a design to invite his Allies at the Kings festival, and after the feast to put *Golo* into their hands: to this purpose, he made all the provision that could be for a sumptuous and magnificent banquet: All the elements furnished there their delicates: the Count willing to contribute thereunto something of his labour, resolved to go a hunting: the day which he had chosen, had no sooner dissipated the darkness, & waked the birds, but *Sisroy* departed, to the end to surprize the beasts in their lodges. It would be to engage one's self in a labyrinth to describe all the turns and returns of the Hares, the cunning of the yellow Beasts, the

the flight of the Stags, and the retreat of the Boars: Although this discourse might be pleasing, it would be unprofitable, being from the matter, and then I have so many necessary things, that I leave willingly the superfluous.

Whilst they heated themselves in the Chase, the providence of God prepared its shock, but in a fashion all amorous, and full of sweetness. Scarce was our Palatine separated from his people, but he perceived a Hind at the mouth of the Wood, (it was the Nurse of his poor son) he presently set Spurs to his Horse, but she gained the Forrest, brushing a-thwart the Bushes, so slowly though, that she seemed to desire her taking, or at least to be chased: Sifroy pursued her even to a Cave. Alas it was that of our Innocent Countess. As he made himself ready to dart a Javeling at this poor Beast, he beheld something in the bottom of that Den, which resembled much a Woman, but that it appeared naked, having no other cloathing but a long and thick drest of hair, which covered in some fashion all her body. This spectacle made him approach it, till he might discern that it was a woman, in whose bosome the

the Hind sought Sanctuary. The Count and the Countess were then seized with two different admirations: *Sifroy* wondered at the familiarity of this Beast, and at the extream necessity of the Woman, whom he had taken for a Bear: *Genevieve*, who had not been visited, but of the Angels these seven years, could not sufficiently admire to see her husband, whom she presently knew; though unknown her self. After that the astonishment had made place to other thoughts, the Palatine prayed her to approach him; but *Genevieve*, who was too modest to appear so naked, requested him something to cover her, which he did, letting fall his Cassock, with which she clothed her self. When she was wrapped with this Cloak, *Sifroy* came towards her, and questioned her of many things.

O wisdom of God, how admirable art thou! during their discourse, the goodness of heaven awaked the remembrance of *Genevieve* in the soul of *Sifroy*, who demanded of her her name, her Countrey, and how it came she was retired into so fearful a desert.

- Sir, (replied *Genevieve*) I am a poor woman of Brabant, whom necessity hath constrained

strained to retire into this little corner of the world, having not any support elsewhere. It is true, I was married to a man, who could do me good, if he had had so much will thereunto as power. The suspicion which he too lightly took of my fidelity, made him consent to my ruine, and to that of a child, which was not conceived with the sin that was imposed upon me: and if the servants, who received the command to make me die, had had so much precipitation to execute my Sentence, as he had imprudence to condemn me, I had not lived the space of seven years in a solitude, where I have not had any aid but of the air, of the water, & of some roots, which have not so served to prolong my miseries than my life. During this sad Discourse, love spake in the heart of Sisroy, and his eyes sought upon this extenuated visage the marks of his dear wife: his sighs said unto him, without doubt, behold Genevieve; but the extream misery of our penitent permitted him not to settle himself in this opinion. The malice of Gold seemed unto him too prudent, and too full of artifices to let her live, who had been the subject of his hate. Yet she said, that a suspicion was the cause of her misfortune, that she was of Brabant, that her husband was of quality, that

that he had a design against her life. O what force hath love! this visage which so many austerities had defaced, gave him certain assurances of that which he sought. But my friend, tell me your name: Sir, I am called Genevieva: at these words, the Count let himself drop from his horse, and skipping unto her neck, he cryed out: Is it thee then, my dear Genevieva, alas it is thee, whom I have so long lamented as dead? and from whence comes this good fortune to me, to embrace her whom I deserve not to see? but what though, may I remain in the presence of her whom I have killed at least with desire? O my dear Girl, pardon an offender, who confessing his sin avoucheth your Innocence. If one life may serve, after having made you die so many times, I put mine into your hands, dispose thereof according to your will; I will live no longer than it shall please you, since that my life and my death depend of your Justice, Genevieva!

It is true, that great griefs can neither weep nor complain, and it is no less true, that immoderate joyes cannot speak. After this first sally, the Count and the Countess remained immovable like marble Statues, without power to speak a word in a long time. Genevieva thought

of the amiable providence of God, which rendered her Honour by those wayes, which were rather miracles, than miraculous; and *Sifroy* could not satisfie himself with seeing a visage, which he had sometimes so much loved, and which he respected then, as the most sacred part of a Saint. The miseries and languishments had not so consumed her body, that there was not yet some remains of that former beauty, which had made him to adore it; this pierced the heart of the *Palatine* for having persecuted virtue in so fair a body. So soon as the extasie and ravishment gave him the liberty to breath, the first word he uttered was this: *Where is then my poor Infant Genevieva? where is the miserable son of a father, who hath been more unfortunate than wicked?* Then the Princess who knew the true regret of her Husband, and saw in his tears the image of his soul, willing to render peate to his spirit, used some of these sweet words, with which she was wont to caress him formerly.

My Lord, blot out of your mind the remembrance of my miseries, and of your error: seeing we have no other power upon things past, but oblivion: let us add nothing to our evils through our

our disability to cure them. God hath not reserved us hitherto, but to enjoy the fruits of his mercy; let us not refuse that which he presents unto us. For me, who seem to have the greatest interest in this, I pardon with all my heart those who procured me evil, and much more willingly those, who have not done it me but by surprise. Think not that I retain any resentment against you; if you have hated a malefactor, I have never been the subject of your hate. You have failed, your fault is so much the more pardonable unto you, as it hath been profitable unto me: live satisfied then; Genevieve lives, and your son also. Surely, Sisroy had need of a great force to moderate so great a joy: but this virtue was yet more necessary when he saw his little Benoni, who brought his two hands full of roots to his mother. I am no more able to represent the contentment of this father, than a great Painter who veiled the grief of him who could not see a Sacrifice to be made of his Daughter. Fancy to your self all the contentments that a Father could have, and say assuredly that Sisroy enjoyed them all: how many sweet tears shed he in his bosom? how many kisses imprinted he upon his mouth, and upon his cheeks? how many embraces, and ac-

Colades think you that he gave him? Love loseth nothing; we need not doubt but he rendered him then, all that which he owed him these seven years. But what is become of all our Hunters? *Sifroy* blew his Horn, and called them, all the wood resounded with his voice: at last three or four of those that knew it, betook themselves instantly to the place, from whence it came.

O God, what astonishment seised not their spirits to find their Master in this conjuncture, to see a little child hanging on his neck, a woman by his side, and a Hind amongst his Dogs without any quarrel! What admiration when they knew it was that Lady which they had so much lamented to find abroad.

The Palm separated from her male withers, and languishes, inasmuch that one would take it for a dry tree, but so soon as she can embrace with her boughs him whom she seems to love, her branches take a vigour, which visibly makes them grow young again. *Genevieve*, who amongst the troubles of her sorrow, and the necessities of her poverty, had had time enough to lose her beauty, took again so much grace at the sight of her dear *Sif-*

froy, that resembling something that which she had been, the servants had not much labour to know her. They could not chuse but give tears to this first joy: some were readily sent to the Castle to seek a Litter, and cloths, others giving all what they could of theirs to cloath the Countess followed softly. It was not without displeasure, that Genevieve quitted so pleasing an abode, at least her words witnessed some regret.

Adieu (said this good Princess) *adieu* sacred Grot, who hast bid so long time my sorrows: *adieu* trees who have defended me from the Sun: *adieu* amiable Brook, which hast served me often with Nectar: *adieu* little Birds who have kept me so good company: *adieu* sweet animals, who have been unto me so many servants. Mayest thou never serve for a retreat to thieves, my dear grot; Let not the heat of the Sun scorch these boughes; let the venom of the serpents never empoison these waters; let not birdlime nor gins deceive these birds, nor the hunters ever hurt these innocent beasts.

One might say without much fiction, that all the creatures witnessed the displeasure of this departure. The den became more dark: the water seemed to

murmure more loud, and run more swiftly than ordinary: The Zephyres sigh'd thereat, and the Birds accompanied her even at the going forth of the wood, denoting by the beating of their wings, and the tone of their languishing songs, the displeasure of this separation; there was none but the Hinde, which was without regret, because she followed the Countess without ever moving from her.

Having gone a mile, those who were sent to the Castle returned accompanied with all the Domesticks, who could not say one sole word to their good Mistress, so absolutely had joy possessed them: As they approached the house, two fishermen advanced towards the Palatine, and presented him a fish of a prodigious greatness: but the marvel was, that after having opened him, they found in his garbago a ring which *Sisroy* knew to be that which *Genevieve* had cast into the river: This new miracle caused a new admiration in all the assistants, and chiefly in the spirit of the Count, who could not praise enough the goodness of God, that made the dumb to speak, to declare the innocence of his wife. This was not the first time that such like prodigies have happened.

pened. A King of the *Samians* having cast an *Emerald* into the sea, six dayes after one brought him a fish, which had it under his tongue; no body can be ignorant of that which arrived to *St. Morillus* after seven years travel: And to come near unto the age of our Countess; it is certain that *St. Arnoul* grandfather to the great *Charlemain*, recovered in a fish the ring, which he had cast into the *Moselle*, insomuch that this same river having rendered that of our *Genevieve*, seemeth to have some sense and feeling of justice.

Admire you not the sweet goodness of heaven, which discovers in the end an innocence, which hate had laid hold on, calumny sullied, credulity convicted, miseries afflicted, and solitude obscured the space of seven years. Observe if you please the changes of fortune, or rather the effects of Gods providence: Behold *Genevieve* in the delights of a Palace, alas! who is happy there? Nay, behold her in the obscurity of a prison, in the horror of a desert, and worse than all this, in the necessity of all things, and in the pain of a crime, the onely conceit whereof is a cruell martyrdom to a Lady of honor: all is lost, a little patience; I see her coming

out of these vapours of calumny, as the Sun out of the cloud, I see her cherished like a Wife, served like a Queen, adored like a Saint: what say you now? Is God good? behold if he be just.

All the kindred and friends of *Sifroy* failed not to visit him in his palace, where they met with a far greater subject of joy than they hoped, when they knew their good kinswoman, and understood the means which God used to declare her innocence: there was no body that rendered not thanks unto God, for so great a benefit: some saluted the mother, others were alwayes glued on the cheeks of the childe: nothing was forgotten of all that could encrease this rejoycing: The feast dured a whole week entire, the joy whereof was not troubled, but with the displeasure onely to see that the Countess could not taste, either flesh, or fish: All that which her strength and stomach could endure, was herbs and roots, a little better accommodated than those she ate in her solitude.

Some dayes being thus passed away in pleasures and delights, the Count commanded that they should draw *Galo* out of prison, who had not been then entire,

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if he had not reserved him to a punishment more rigorous; they brought him into the chamber, where the Countess was with all this Nobility, which was come to visit *Sifroy*: It was there where all the terrors of an evil conscience seized this wicked man; his artifices served him no more, he could not deny a crime which had men, the beasts, and the fishes for witnesses. The hope of a pardon seemed unto him a new sin, the fear of torments tortured him already, the image of death put him into trances; the goodness of *Genevieve* gave him a thought of his safety, but the horror of his offence crossed it, and represented to him, that it was as little reasonable to expect mercy, as he was worthy of pardon. Her piety made him to hope it, but his own cruelty took from him all his confidence: The amity of the Count endeavoured to give boldness, but his just indignation filled him with fear; he would fain finde in his heart the assurances of pardon, but his eyes, his voice, and all his visage spake not to him, but of Gibbets, and of punishments; at last daring not so much as to fix his sight upon her, whom he had so unworthily treated, he fell down with fear

fear and faintness. Sifroy kindling all his countenance with choller, and thundering forth fearfull threatnings, after having reproached him for his infidelity, condemned him to die. It was here, that goodness came to combat with malice, prudence with artifice, compassion with cruelty, sweetness with all the resentments of nature, and clemency with equity it self. Genevieve not able to see a wretch without pitty, indeavoured to revoke the Sentence of death, speaking unto Sifroy in these terms.

Sir, (said this good Mistress) although good successer justifie not evil intentions, I have notwithstanding some cause to beg of you the life of Golo, for the great good which he hath procured me. I confess that all his proceedings being unjust, I cannot finde his pardon but in your goodness; but if you look upon the favours that I have derived from thence, I believe that he may have recourse to another vertue than mercy: I disguise not his fault to give it a fair visage, Golo hath offended Genevieve; he would have ravish'd from her her honour, with her life: to whom belongs it to pursue the revenge of this crime but to herself? if you say that her injuries are yours, and that you enter into all her interests, I answer, that you should

not take a less part in her desires, and as there is nothing in the world that I desire with more passion than the life of Golo, I must expect this contentment from your goodness, as he hopes this favour from my benefits. Permit that I add to that little virtue which I have, the glory to vanquish my self in the thing which is most sensible to me, that is, to give life unto him who used all the means he could to take mine from me: but if you are fixed to the design of punishing him, I know no means more proportionable to his crime, than to leave him under the hands of his own Conscience, which will furnish him with a thousand executioners, and a thousand punishers: In a word, my dear Sirroy, I desire that he live, and that he owe his life to these tears, which I give to his misery.

Who would not have yielded himself to the prayers of so fair a mouth! Golo began to hope, all the company expected the pardon of his crime: This discourse could not contradict the expectation of the company without giving it admiration: the poor malefactor was so touched therewith, that he cryed out, falling at the feet of Generieva.

Madame, it is now that I penetrate better than ever into the goodness of your heart, and
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the malice of mine. Alas! who would have
dared to hope that she whom so many just rea-
sons oblige to my ruin, would desire my pre-
servation? miserable Golo, it is at this instant
that thou art unworthy of thy life, since thou
wouldst have ravished that of this holy Prin-
cess. No, no, my good Mistress, suffer me to
dye: ordinary regrets and displeasures cannot
expiate my offence; it is fit that the rigour of a
shameful death revenge its cruelty. Blood is ne-
cessary where tears are unprofitable: since I
cannot merit my pardon, permit that I suffer
my punishment. I have attempted your honour;
the violence of passion might serve me for ex-
cuse. Your courage having resisted my pursuits,
I have slandered your innocence; this sin is ve-
ry black, yet it may be forgotten. I was not
content to make your vertue to be doubted, but
I endeavoured to take away your life: truly this
crime ought not to find pardon, having no pre-
sence at all. It is not that your goodness is not
great enough to grant me this favour, never-
theless, seeing that I am altogether unworthy
thereof, I have not the desire. So my dear mi-
stris all that I beg of you in dying is, that my
crime live no longer in your memory; and that
my blood wash away the resentment thereof in
your heart.

As he had ended these words, or to
speak

speaking more properly, the sobs having interrupted them, his eyes poured forth so many tears, that it was to be believed he would have melted at the feet of the Princess.

Golo took Genevieve for that which she was, extremely sensible, but if she had much pity, Sifroy had no less zeal. God who is as just as merciful, would give by this stroke an example unto men, and harden the heart of the Count, who believed to have need of all the goodness of his wife, for his own pardon. Behold then his condemnation confirmed, they led him unto prison, to attend there the execution of the Sentence. Sifroy who would punish the extraordinary crimes by torments which were not common, found himself troubled about the manner of his death: sometimes he would revenge himself of his infidelity, in exposing him to the rage of his dogs, which are the symbol of its contrary; and then considering that his sin had beginning from the infamous fires of love, it seemed reasonable unto him to cover them with the ashes of his proper body, or to quench them in the waters of the River: All these punishments were great, but his crime

crime was no less. *Sifroy* thought not to be sufficiently revenged, if the effects of his vengeance had not had something of extraordinary. At last having long wavered thereupon, he concluded to make him dye in this manner.

There was in the Palatines Herd four of those salvage oxen, which the black Forrest nourished, which were brought by his Command, and being coupled tail to tail, the miserable *Golo* was tyed by the arms, and legges, which were presently separated from his body, whose infamous reliques found their Tomb in the stomach of the Crows by a just judgement of God, to the end that the body of so wicked a man might be so ill lodged after his death, as his soul had been during his life.

Behold the punishment of a man, who was not unfortunate, but by too much good fortune. See the ordinary fruits that falshood produceth: behold the precipices whereunto a wicked Passion carries us: behold the shipwracks whereinto the winds of prosperity drive us: behold the sports of fortune, which flatters not our hopes, but to seduce them. Deceive not your selves herein, if she shew you a

a fair visage, remember that the Syrens do the same: if she allures by her caresses, the Panther doth it also; if her amorous plaints invite you, the sighs of the Crocodile should serve for your instruction: if she shineth, her brightness is no more amiable than that of the false meteors; miserable *Golo*, I see thee added to the example of those whom this traitress hath deceived! O how happy had thy condition been, if it had been less eminent, and how thy life had been assured, if favor had not exposed it! Let us seek, I pray you, the first step of his misfortune, and we shall finde that it was the authority which he had acquired in his Masters house; the second, too great a liberty to behold that which he should not desire; and the last, a love without respect, whence proceeded a demand without honour, a pursuit without success, a hate without cause, a calumny without judgment, and a punishment without mercy: on the other side, if we look upon the innocent Countess, we shall see virtue frustrated, but for its glory; constancy shaken, but for its settlement; sanctity despised, but for her security: and moreover we shall acknowledge that the triumphs of vice are short,

short, and its confusion very long; and that it is not once only that God hath withdrawn the innocent heads from the sword of the Executioner, to the end to crown them.

Those who were found accomplices to *Galo*, received punishments proportionable to their faults, and those who had shewed themselves favorable to the affliction of *Genevieve*, met with no less gratitude in her, than the others of severity in the spirit of the *Palatine*: that poor maid who had pity of the Countess, and had brought her ink, found her benefit written otherwise than upon paper. Death hindered *Genevieve* to recompense those who had given her life, in not taking it away; for as much as the one of them was deceased, the other received all the acknowledgement of that good action: These recompenses and pains were followed with the contentments of all those that loved virtue. The little *Beroni* was he that found more fortune in this change: the very pleasures of a Solitude, made him to taste the delights of his house with more sweetness. Never had he been so happy, if he had not been miserable, notwithstanding his spirit stayed not so much

much on his contentments, that he took not the tincture of all the good qualities with which Nobility might advance his merit. Nothing of low was observed in this little courage, for having been brought up in poverty: nothing of wildness for having been bred with the bears. The father and mother took a singular pleasure in the good inclinations of this son, aiding him with their wholsom instructions. From the accord and correspondence, which was in this house, was bred a general peace, every one of the servants had no less than a golden age. I would say, that they were fully satisfied and content:

There was not any person who thought not himself well recompensed for his passed sorrows; Genevieve had only more of merit than of recompence, the World having made her suffer all her evils, had not goods enough to render her that which was due unto her; heaven therefore took care to think on the price of her patience. You comprehend well, that I would speak of the death of our Countess.

God who would not honour the World longer with so great a vertue, re-
K solved

solved to retire her to her original, but it was after having advertised her thereof.

One day as she was in prayer, it seemed unto her, that she saw a Troop of virgins, and of holy women, amongst which her good Mistress held the chief rank, having all the others for Ladies of honour: their Majesty ravished presently our Saint, but their sweetness charmed her much more sensibly: there was not one of them that gave her not Palms and Flowers, and the Virgin holding in her hand a crown embroidered with precious stones, seemed thus to speak unto her.

My daughter, it is time to begin an eternity of pleasures; behold the crown of Gold which I have prepared you, after that of thorns which you have worn, receive it from my hand. Genevieve understood very well what this visit signified, which caused in her an incredible satisfaction; the subject whereof notwithstanding she would not declare to Sisroy, for fear to cast a cloud on his joy, her prudence concealed from him the causes thereof, but the disease which had less discretion, told it him within a few days. It was a little fever which seized our incomparable Countess, and gave him a more clear expression of her revela-

revelation. To describe unto you the contentment of *Genevieve*, it would be a thing no less superfluous, than it would be impossible to express the displeasures of *Sisroy*. *Must I lose* (said he) *a treasure which I have so little possessed? It is true that I am unworthy thereof, my God, and that I cannot complain of injustice, since you take not from me but what I hold of your pure mercy, & not of my merit. But alas! had it not been more desirable not to have it at all, than to have it for a moment?* soft and fair, *Sisroy*, soft & fair, it is no time to deplore, keep you tears for anon, if you will give them to the justest grief of nature. I deceive my self; boldly empty all the humour of your eyes, you should be asham'd to give so little of it to the loss you are to make. Small griefs may be lamented, but great evils have no tongue. When one knows well to speak his evil, the sense thereof is not extreme, nor the regret unfeigned.

Alas! *Genevieve* is already dead; I see her stretched out upon her poor bed without vigour, and without motion; her eyes are no more but two starres eclipsed, her mouth hath no more *Roses*, her cheeks have lost their *Lillies*. Oh that it is not possible for me to call all the beauties of the world about this bed. I would

say unto them ; Behold the remains of that which you cherish with so much passion ! behold the ashes of that fire which burns the world ! behold an example of that which you shall be ! behold an image of which you shall soon be the resemblance ! make ye, make ye now, Divinities of that which death shall change one day into worms and putrefaction. But I deceive my self, *Genevieve* is not dead, a violent trance had onely withdrawn her soul for a time, she comes to her self again ; this gives belief, that nature is yet strong enough to drive away the evil, provided that it be assisted with some remedies. Think not that any thing was spared. She must depart, God will have it so, and her stomach, which could not suffer but Herbs and Roots, nourished her Feaver, and advanced her death. The good Princess knew it, and desired it, she called her dear son *Benoni*, whom she blessed, and her Husband, to whom she said this adieu able to make Tigers and Panthers weep.

My dear Sifroy, behold your dear Genevieve ready to dy, all the displeasure that I have to leave this life, comes unto me from your tears, weep no more, & I shall go away content. If death
would

would give me leasure, I would make appear unto you by the contempt of that you lose, the little cause you have to lament your loss. But since the time presseth me, & that there rests unto me, but three sighs, I have but this word to say unto you. Weep Sisroy, as much as I merit it, & you shall not weep much; notwithstanding I conjure you yet, that having forgotten that little dust which I leave, you would remember that Genevieve goes to heaven to keep your place there, and that the Husband and Wife making but one, it may be that God calls me to draw thither the other part. Adieu, have care of Benoni.

After these languishing words, all that her weakness permitted her, was to receive the sacred body of her good Master, which was no sooner entred into her mouth, but she fixed her eyes on heaven, where her heart was already, thrusting her fair soul forth of her fair body, by a last sigh of love. It was the second of April in the very year of her restauration, that she knew perfectly the merit of her patience. Benoni had no sooner seen the dead members of his Mother, but he cast himself upon the bed, breaking forth into such sharp cryes, that he pierced the heart of all the assistants. It was impossi-

ble to withdraw him from thence, what indeavour soever they used thereunto. On the other side *Sifroy* was on his knees, holding fast the hands of his dear Wife, which he watered with his tears.

All the domesticks were round about her like so many Statues of Marble, whom grief had transformed; yet must they give to the earth what the soul of *Genevieve* had left it; they made themselves ready to bury this holy body, which was found clad in a rude haircloth, capable alone to consume members so delicate as hers. When they carried the Herse out of the House, it was then that the Palatine made his grief break forth more visibly than the torches which lighted the Funerall pomp; nothing was heard but sighs every where, nothing was seen but tears. In the end after that *Sifroy* and his son had laid their hearts into the same Tomb with *Genevieve*, the followers endeavoured to withdraw them from the Church, where this holy body remained in depository. The regret of this loss was not so peculiar to men, that it was not common to the beasts: the birds seemed to languish with grief, and if they singed sometimes about the Castle,

it was no more now but plaints.

I cannot omit one thing, which seems unto me worthy of admiration: the poor Hind, who had served the Countess so faithfully in her life, expressed no less love unto her at her death. They hold that this kind of beast casts forth but one gross tear at death, it must be granted then, that this Hind dyed more than once at the decease of her dear Mistris. It was a pitifull thing to see this poor beast follow the Bier of *Genevieve*, more deplorable to hear how wofully she brayed, but most strange that they could never bring her back to the house, remaining day and night at the doors of the Church where her Mistris was. The Servants carried her Hay and Grass, which she would not so much as touch, suffering her self thus to dy with hunger. They brought the news thereof to the Palatine, who betook himself to weep so tenderly as if his Wife were dead once again: for recompence of her fidelity, he made her to be cut in white marble, and laid at the feet of *Genevieve*. All that notwithstanding comforted not the affliction of *Sifroy*: it was in vain to tell him that nature being satisfied it was time to harken unto reason,

son. The remedies of his griefs caused him new griefs: if they represented unto him that it was no more a love of *Genevieve*, to lament in this manner, but a hate of himself: he answered that the regret to have lost so holy a woman could not be commendable, if it were not extreme. This was not enough, he sought all the means to entertain his passion, having never more pleasing Ideas than those which represented him his *Genevieve*. If he went unto the Church, it was to make unto her a sacrifice of his eyes; if he returned to his house he retired himself into his chamber, speaking to every thing that had been hers.

Behold the bed of my Genevieve, (said he) behold her cabinet, behold her mirror: when looking into her glass, he sought there the visage of his dear wife, calling continually Genevieve, Genevieve, but Genevieve answered not: from the chamber he passed into the garden, which was sometime all her pastime, but it was in the greens of eternity that he must seek her to find her. If the soul of the Saint had been capable of any other passion than of joy, it had been of a tender compassion to see the deep Melancholly

cholly of *Sifroy*: without doubt her love would have been the remedy thereof, as she was the cause thereof. One afternoon as he was in his ordinary indispositions, a Page came to tell him, that there was a Hermit, who requested covert. The Count who had not been accustomed to shut the door unto works of mercy, nor to drive away good actions from his house, was very glad to meet the occasion thereof: He commanded then, that they should cause him to come up. O how happy wert thou, *Sifroy*! at the same time, that thou op'nedst thy gate unto charity, thou openedst thee that of glory: may be that this encounter makes the knot of your predestination.

Whilest that supper was making ready, the Count kept company with this holy man, who entertained him upon no other subject, but the miseries of the world, and the bitteresses which are mingled amongst it's greatest delights: Though these discourses were sharp, yet they seemed unto him full of sweetness: Supper being ready, the Count made the Hermit sit at the higher end of the table, although his modesty had chosen the lowest place; he believed that his virtue re-

quired

quired the chief; so do all those, who despise not virtue for being ill cloathed: Every one having taken place according to his quality, and eaten according to his appetite; our Religious man took notice, that *Sifroy* did nothing but mourn, and complain, without tasting one morsel of meat: He believed that he nourished not himself but with sighes, or at least he made shew to believe it. That notwithstanding hindered him not to ask him the cause of his tears, which obliged much the Count, who took no pleasure but in the remembrance of his dear *Genevieve*: After, having made the recitall of his lamentable History, he concluded thus;

Now my Father, have not I cause to shed everlasting tears? can any one find it strange, that so precious a loss should afflict me?

Sir, (replied the Religious man) It would be to overthrow the first law of nature, to deny tears unto those to whom we owe something more: Patience hinders not to complain, but only to murmur: you have reason to resent your affliction, but how long is it since my Lady deceased? It is six moneths (answered the Palatine: Pardon me then, if I say, that your grief is too long, or that your courage is too weak,

there

there is somewhat of excess when tears reach so far. Oh father, that would be true, if I had made a common loss, but having lost in *Genevieve* a wife and a Saint, and even by my fault, I cannot sufficiently complain my misfortune. That very thing (said the Hermit) should comfort you, and wipe away entirely your tears: Permit me (if you please) to discourse with your grief, and to examine its justice: you have lost a wife, ought you alwayes to possess her? They have ravish't from you a Saint, what right gives you the enjoyment thereof? have you so little profited in the consideration of the worlds changes, to be ignorant that man, being not made to last alwayes, must end once: your judgment is too good, to exact from death a priviledge, which is impossible: on every side, where we cast our eyes we see nothing but tombs and ashes: Sovereign Princes have indeed some power upon life, but none at all upon death: yea her greatest pleasure is to overthrow a Throne, to break a scepter, & to pull down a crown, to the end to render her puissance remarkable by the greatness of those whom she hath ruined: Be we born in the purple, or in the spiders webs, inhabit we palaces, or dwell we in cottages, death will find us out every where: the great may be distinguished in the condition of living, but they shall never have a difference

rence in the obligation of dying. I say not, but
 that there are many things which may make us
 look upon death as good to be desired, and life
 as the subject of all our fears; I stop at the rea-
 sons which are particular to you, for fear that
 my considerations may be too generall. What
 cause have you to take it ill, that a mortal thing
 should dye? you find nothing here to object, but
 that it is too soon, as if you would that death
 should have the discretion not to displease you,
 but when you pleased. And know you not that
 death being born to the ruin of nature, we
 should not expect favour from her cruelty, if not
 to make us dye quickly for fear of languishing.
 If this knowledge be pass'd unto your spirit,
 whence comes it that you take it ill that a wo-
 man hath not lived beyond what she should live,
 and that she hath lived but a little, to the end
 not to dy longer? It is not the death of a wo-
 man that afflicts you, but a Saint who might
 acquire her self a greater crown in heaven; and
 do many good actions in the world. Are you as-
 sured that what had been well begun, should
 finish well. My Lady was loaden with merit,
 might she not fall under the burden? her trea-
 sures of vertue were great, might she not fear
 thieves? she was firm in grace, but feeble
 in her nature: her piety was well supported,
 but not immoveable: her will was constant
 but it

it was capable of inconstancy: what know you, if God who hath no other thoughts, but for the good of his creatures, hath not taken from her the leasure to sully the glory of her former actions? Believe me Sir, vice and vertue follow one another like the day and the night: the night may precede the day, but this terminates again in the darkness. I will believe that the merit of her whom you lament could not be changed but by a great prodigy, but it could not also be conserved, but by a great miracle: I see no cause at all to murmur against God, if he takes pain to keep for you a thing which you might lose. Consider now the weakness of your tears, and I assure my self that you will resolve rather to follow her, than to hope that she should come again where you are. Her example in conforming it self to the will of God, leaves you a straight obligation to imitate it, her constancy will not that you should weep longer: it is that which she her self would say unto you, if you could hear her, it is that which a person counsells you, who hath no other interest in your repose, but that which charity gives him. Seek it in the honest divertisements of hunting, of visits & of recreations, which cannot hurt you, if you take them with moderation which is to be expected from a person, to whom vertue ought to be as natural as it is necessary.

The

The Palatine let not escape one sole word of this discourse, which gave him a medicine that time it self had denyed him. The Table being taken away, after some communication every one retired himself. The next day *Sifroy* having demanded where the Father was, the servants answered that he walked in the garden, but being come thither, he found him not. The Count would no believe that he was gone, thinking him too honest to commit an incivility, and acknowledging enough not to be ungrateful. When the day was pass'd and no news of him, he knew not where to fix his belief; that which filled his spirit with admiration was to find his habit in the chamber. The profit which he drew from his good words, sweetned much the sowerness of his resentments. All the contentments which were full of gall before, seemed unto him afterward more sweet, and less insupportable: the flight and the Chase furnished him a good half of his divertisements, thinking that if he laid traps for the beasts, he might take there his grief. O admirable goodness of heaven, who so wisely makes use of our inclinations, that he turneth them all to our profit.

One

One day the Count having resolved to run a great Stag, which they had known by his head, assembled a good number of his neighbors, to have the pleasure of him. This design being undertaken, behold all the Gentry in *Campania*, who had no sooner sought that which they desired, but they found it. The Palatine was the first that perceived the Stag, who by his flight drew him so far into the wood, that he conducted him into the Grot where *Genevieve* had lived seven years. But he was much astonished to see the Stag in the midst of the den, and the dogs about him without power to approach him, as if they had been of stone, or that the beast had been in an enchanted circle. He endeavoured to encourage them with his cry, but when they raised themselves upon it, one would say, that some invisible hand kept them back. The Palatine lighted from his horse, and entered freely into this sacred place; he considered it, and knew there yet the traces of his holy wife, which drew presently the tears from his eyes. *Oh*, said he, *behold where my poor Genevieve did penance so long for a sin which she never committed! behold, the place where innocence*
sighed

figed so much ! behold the corner where her poor members reposed ! Alas ! am I yet to deliberate upon a counsell which I should have executed long since ?

As the Count was in this admiration, the greatest part of the Gentry arrived, who were no less seized with this spectacle than he, avouching that this accident was not without miracle: *Sifroy* would not that this sanctuary should be damageable to the poor beast that was retired thither; having then caused the dogs to be put into lease, he drave out the Stag into the wood, where he found presently his safety in his flight. Although our hunters brought nothing home unto the Castle, they never made notwithstanding a better prise. The Count who had a design in his mind, of which no body had any knowledge, departed some few dayes for *Treves*, where he met with *St. Hidulph*, much inclined to the designe which he meditated; it being to build a Chappel where the much blessed *Genevieve* had so long lived, to serve for a monument of the mercies with which the goodness of God had rendred this place commendable; The whole was done with a magnificence, which witnessed enough

nough the affection of a husband, who was passionate, and the liberality of a Prince, who was not covetous: The Church bare the name of our Lady of *Mersen*, by the imposition with the Archbishop made thereof in his Consecration. And the reason of this name (which signifies in the language of the Country, *mercy*) seems to be received from the graces which the Virgin Protectress of *Genevieve* caused to flow into this holy spot. The Palatine who judged that this solitude might serve for a pleasing abode to those who would quit the creatures, to find God, caused to be erected about the Chappel two or three little Hermitages, which received likewise the benediction of St. *Hidulphus*: who parted not from our Lady of *Mersen*, before he had placed upon the great Altar the miraculous Cross, which *Genevieve* received from the hand of Angels: A while after the reliques of the Countess were transported to the place which had made them holy: this action received approbation from heaven, which permitted that the service of five or six pair of Oxen, necessary to this convoy, should be supplied without pain by a couple of Horses.

E

That

That which rendered this transport miraculous, was the veneration that it received from the creatures, which one would esteem incapable thereof: the highest trees bowed their branches to honour this body, which came to consecrate them with its presence: the birds endeavoured themselves to sing, clapping their wings with so visible a testimony of joy, that one could not be ignorant of it.

As this sacred pledge was laid in the place, which had been marked out for it, and that every body had left the Palatine alone in the Chappel, our Saviour loosing his right hand from the Cross, *blessed him*. Who sees not now unto what prosperities afflictions conduct a man? the ceremonies of the dedication being accomplished, every one returned unto his house: but the Count having his treasure in this holy retrait, we should not find it strange, if he had there his heart also. All his thoughts were fixed there, and his desires had no other object: if he could escape at any time, all his visits terminated themselves at this holy Chappel. At last knowing by the experience of some moneths, that a man can have no repose where there is no pleasure, nor

a body live separated from his heart, he called his brother into his Cabinet with the little Benoni, and spake unto him thus.

My dear brother, it is some moneths since, that you might have known in the change of my employments that of my affection: notwithstanding, since I must open it more clearly unto some one, I have no body to whom I may do it better than to you, both by devoir and by inclination. You should not be now to know my design, if I had not judged it more fit to have you execute my last will, than to be authour of this counsel. You have seen and sigh'd a part of my evils with all the affection that I could expect from a brother; I imagine that you will not take a less part in my joyes than in my sorrows, & that I may expect your utmost power in whatsoever shall tend to my honest contentment. This hath made me resolve to leave unto you the Tutorage of my son, who ought to hope no less from your affection, than from that of a good father, he ought also henceforth to acknowledge & respect you in that quality, since my resolution is to give what remains of my life to the service of my God in this very place, where all our house hath received so many favours; representing me that my complexion is delicate, because my answer is ready in the example of my dear and

Genevieve: tell me not that Benoni hath need of my assistance, seeing he hath an Uncle from whom he may expect all kind of support. Besides this will is so fixed, that I will not have one sole day retard the execution thereof: behold my dear brother, the papers which will give you the knowledge of my affairs.

It was here that nature gave tears, yet without daring to contradict so holy a resolution. There was only present Benoni, who spake to his father in these terms.

Sir, I am too young to blame your counsellors, but I am old enough to follow your example. You leave me a little earth, to possess heaven: Should I not be ignorant, if I should accept that which you offer me, being able to make the same choice that you do? No, no, Sir, I will never turn any where but with you, the Noviciate which I have made in the solitude which you desire, hath given me too senses an experience of its pleasures to withdraw me from your imitation: if your design be to live here, mine is never to dye offe-where. Uncle, enjoy freely the fortune of our house, I leave you then with as good a will, and cordially thank you for the care which you were ready to take for me.

This resolution of Benoni was contrary to the expectation of his father, but not

not contrary to his desire. Behold then, the Palatine, who caused a little Hermits habit to be prepared for him, as he had one already himself, leaving all that which he had in the world to imitate his dear wife, accompanied with his dear son. They came into the holy Grotto, where all the Animals, which were formerly acquainted with *Benoni* came to acknowledge him.

Glorious Soul, holy and incomparable *Genevieve*! if you can yet remember the things of the earth, cast your eyes into this sacred Cave, where you have sometime tasted so many delights; you shall see there your *Sifroy*, and the dear child of your griefs; without doubt, the change of their Habits shall not have changed your affection; on the contrary, having more of your likeness in this estate, I believe they shall have more of your love; but what? they have already felt the effects thereof, and you have not permitted that so much as one of those thunders, which rattle beneath you, nor one of those tempests, which you tread under foot, should offend their heads; it is our part now, to make up our confidence of your protection, seeing you are full of goodness;

ness; and our example of your virtues, seeing you are full of merit.

Behold us (my dear Reader) at the end of a History which puts the providence of God into its fairest day, Innocence out of the fear to be oppressed, and perhaps into the desire to be exercised with calumny, since her persecutions are followed with so much merit, and her merit acknowledged with so much glory: If there be any thing good in this Discourse, I pretend no other recompence thereof, than the favour of our great Saint: if there be nothing commendable, I will receive contentedly for punishment of my faults, the censure of all those that shall do me the honour to read this little work.

F I N I S.

